THE COMMONWEAL

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HAVE FAITH IN MORROW

THE American ambassador to Mexico, says the New York World, "has gambled magnificently on the belief that good-will may be as contagious as hatred, and that the pursuit of peace, if it is carried out with boldness and with faith, will move the hearts of men." This admirable sentiment is being repeated with equal force if not with similar beauty of diction in hundreds of newspapers. The Commonweal associates itself with its contemporaries in expressing its own hearty belief in good-will. We go even farther than the New York World, however, in one respect, namely, in holding that Ambassador Morrow has not "gambled," but is, on the contrary, carrying on his difficult and tremendously important work in anything but the spirit of a gambler. It is also being confidently predicted by hundreds of newspapers that the success so far attendant upon Mr. Morrow's beneficent activities makes the settlement of all disputes between the United States and Mexico inevitable and immediate. The Commonweal hopes that here, too, the press is correct. If we are right in our first proposition, namely, that Ambassador Morrow is not gambling in Mexico but knows exactly what he is doing, then we are justified in believing the second proposition: which is, that Lindbergh's flight, arranged by Ambassador Morrow, and creating as it did so wide, spread and so friendly an interest in Mexico, is the psychological prelude to a settlement of all the more serious problems affecting the relations of the United States with its nearest neighbor among the Latin-American countries.

Having faith in Ambassador Morrow, we therefore confidently await the announcement not only that the question of American property rights in Mexico will be satisfactorily adjusted, but also that the religious issue will be met and solved. Ambassador Morrow, being a man of marked intelligence, cannot help but see that if the persecution of the Catholics is continued, any official settlement of the purely political and property problems must remain merely partial and unsatisfactory to many millions of Mexicans and Americans.

Let us recall some of the anti-religious laws of Mexico: The ownership of all churches is vested in the federal government, which reserves the right to determine which of them shall continue to be used as churches. No new place of worship may be dedicated without the permission of the government. All acts of religion must be performed within the churches. Only civil marriages are valid. The Mexican state legislatures determine the maximum number of clergy-men. One Mexican state decreed that the Catholics were entitled to one priest for each 30,000. No re-

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ligious corporation or clergyman may establish or conduct primary schools or institutions for scientific research or the diffusion of knowledge. All spiritual exercises or religious instruction in private schools are forbidden. The Church may not establish or conduct institutions for the sick and the poor. Religious corporations are forbidden to own not only churches but clerical residences, schools, orphan asylums, convents or any other building used for religious or educational or charitable purposes. All ministers of religion are forbidden to criticize these and similar provisions of the Constitution, the authorities or the government. No religious periodical may comment upon political affairs or publish anything whatsoever concerning the political authorities. And, of course, no clergyman may vote, or hold public office, or take part in any political assemblage.

It was because of these prohibitions that the Catholic Church in Mexico was obliged to suspend all public functions of religion. To have accepted such laws would have been to stultify fundamental principles vital to its existence. It would have been to accept what it denied to the Roman emperors, to Queen Elizabeth, to Napoleon and to all others who, anywhere or at any time, seek to have it commit suicide. That the Church in Mexico could—and can—accept governmental requirements that limit or actually take away many of the privileges and even some of the rights that it has claimed and exercised, is perfectly true. The Church has made concordats with many hostile governments in its time. The Church will concede many things to its opponents or enemies for the sake of peace, but it cannot accept conditions which destroy its identity.

It has been consistently claimed by the leaders of the Mexican Catholics that they, the Catholics, number anywhere from seventy-five to ninety percent of the population. Americans who do not know the conditions in Mexico naturally enough ask this question: "If the Catholics are in such a great majority why is it, then, that they submit to such laws and such treatment?" To this the answer is simple—namely, that the Calles government controls the army, the courts and all the agencies of government. The population of Mexico, having neither votes that count nor weapons with which they can oppose a disciplined and well-equipped army, and cut off from intercommunication in various parts of the mountainous country, have no more chance successfully to oppose the dictatorship either politically or in the field than any undisciplined mob anywhere stands a chance against a well-armed group of despots.

So shocking have been the conditions in Mexico City, however, that Mr. Carleton Beals, formerly principal of the American high school in that city, and himself a supporter of the Mexican Revolution, lifted a corner of the veil in the New Republic for December 21. Mr. Beals says that "every constitutional and humanitarian guarantee was violated in the case of the four civilians, members of the Catholic League of Religious Defense, one of them a priest, who were alleged to have hurled the dynamite bomb at Obregon's auto at Chapultepec Park. . . ."

It should be remembered in reading Mr. Beals's account, that although the Mexican police declared in the press that they possessed proof of the prisoners' guilt, this proof was not produced. We read in the secular press the accounts of how Father Pro Juarez, the priest who was slain, after arising from his knees, stretched his arms in the form of a cross praying that God might forgive the enemies of the Church, his prayer ending as he received into his breast the bullets of the firing squad. But we did not read the facts now related by Mr. Beals, namely, that the Mexico City press carried statements in which the untried prisoners declared their innocence; nor that, as Mr. Beals goes on to say, "universal doubt has been cast on their guilt and a hundred rumors set afloat that the government hastened to assassinate them in order to conceal the real culprits." The rest of Mr. Beals's article, showing the split that is developing between Obregon and Calles, would lead to the belief that the attempt to assassinate Obregon was in fact the work of supporters of Calles, anxious to remove Obregon.

Mr. Beals went on to say that Mexican public opinion "has not been so shocked since the assassination of Madero and Pino Suarez by the underlings of Huerta; but all criticism has been stifled by the iron-clad censorship maintained by the government over all newspapers and cable service, and the fear engendered by the recent deportation of prominent Mexican editorial writers." The censorship of course explains why the American press did not carry the facts now revealed by Mr. Beals.

But although the American public does not, because it cannot under present conditions, know the truth about Mexico, it is inconceivable that the State Department in Washington and the present exceedingly able ambassador to Mexico do not know the facts. And it seems equally inconceivable that the State Department or the American ambassador could effect a settlement with the Calles government of the purely political and economic problems affecting the relations of Mexico and the United States—and the relations of Mexico and the United States with many European governments who are also involved in disputes with Mexico—without recognizing that no settlement which does not also take into account the religious problem can be a just or a lasting one. If the vast majority of Mexican Catholics are left out of such a settlement, it is only common sense to recognize that no amount of superficial good-will publicity, put over as a stunt by the press, with the well-earned and glorious popularity of Lindbergh as its instrument, can alter the real fundamental facts.

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WEEK BY WEEK

YULETIDE generosity has come to the rescue of the "hundred neediest" in all cities and towns. The tired mother whose needle works in vain to support an invalid husband and five hungry children; the wife and babies whom a husband has deserted; the motherless girl whose day's work behind the ten-cent-store counter does not suffice to make life possible for little brothers and sisters—these and many more have been hunted out and aided through a campaign of charity in which the press took an honorable part. One knows also that the banal present-giving and returning, which has wellnigh tied Christmas to the bargain counter, leaves room for numberless deeds of kindness bringing a moment of light to a throng of lonely hearts. Nor can we forget that many who never come otherwise to the churches will have entered on this blessed night and morning, touched by the glorious awe of that birth which transformed the world two thousand years ago. Much of our contemporary Christmas feasting is mere tinsel; but we have not gone altogether astray so long as the two important realities remain so clear to us. The one religious reality of a Saviour made helpless and infinitely appealing for the redemption of us all; the other human reality of those who perennially need, the world's multitudinous and wistful Tiny Tims.

BUT we need also to bear in mind that these two realities force upon us the consciousness of that portion of humanity which, by reason of economic and social conditions, remains perennially submerged. Kind fortune has lavished her gifts upon American industry and business. Yet even here unemployment and carelessness keep what is probably a group of more than a million people in that primitive stage where desperate fighting hardly staves off bitter need of the necessaries of life. We are sometimes given to suppose that such human waste is unavoidable. The "cycle," or something of the sort, is accepted as a plausible and comfortable explanation. It is nothing of the sort. Friedrich Dessauer, the Centrist leader, expresses the conviction that "the treasures of the earth, wedded to the spirit of technical enterprise, are abundant enough to raise all members of the working classes out of the primitive state of need—that is, to feed them adequately, to clothe them, to house them, and beyond that to provide them with enough time to take some share in the common cultural life." We are inclined to agree with him, adopting of course the exceptions he makes for periods of war or disaster; and further to believe that he is right when he adds: "The sovereign means at our disposal are technical mastery of the problems of production and distribution, the settling of class warfare through coöperative management of the labor of production, and the abandonment of the theory of industrial pessimism." The effort here spoken of is a matter of justice, but it does no harm to bear it in mind during a season when charity is the favored virtue.

THE disaster to the S-4, involving death for a number of brave men under peculiarly harrowing conditions, has aroused a great deal of public resentment. It is no secret that navy men shun submarine duty not merely because of the irksome hardships it involves but also because, though willing to risk their lives, they inevitably abhor the "inglorious disaster" of perishing like trapped mice in the wake of an accident. Thus a series of misfortunes now grown historical, tends—which is far more important than any outbreak of public feeling—to blight the ingenuity and daring of the submarine crews. The Department of the Navy has been inclined to adopt the view that adequate preventive apparatus has not yet been invented, and that it is extremely difficult to find among the swarm of quack patents suggested anything that would really prove helpful. On the other hand, Representative Griffin of New York, who seems to have made a careful study of the matter, declares that the German navy has made a great deal of progress in coping with submarine accidents, and that this whole question has not been given requisite attention in the United States. Our officers seem to look for perfection in theory before giving any proposed device a practical test. Thus they have dismissed the idea of grappling rings fastened to the hulk as inadvisable in view of the weight of the present-day diving vessel. They are more easily criticized for failure to provide a sufficient number of salvaging ships. One of these is on duty in the Pacific, but the S-4 disaster has oc-

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curred in the Atlantic. We do not believe that our higher officers are hide-bound by "conservatism" or that sort of thing, but we share the prevailing view that the interest in capital ships which comes first with most of them has precluded any really intensive concern with the submarine. The pressure of public opinion will, no doubt, go far toward rectifying this tragically unfortunate astigmatism.

CAREFULLY timed and phrased, the "petition of the prominent" for active consideration of ways in which the United States can coöperate effectively with other nations in guaranteeing peace is certain to influence Congress when ratification of the Root arbitration treaty comes up for consideration this month or next. This treaty was one of several designed to promote the efficacy of the Hague Tribunal in international affairs, and stipulated that in cases of dispute which the regular diplomatic agents could not settle, arbitration was to be resorted to unless the "national honor or vital interests" were at stake. The vagueness of this reservation was only one form of that indefiniteness of outline which characterized almost everything connected with the Hague. That an effort will be made to arrive at a clearer formula seems evident from the attitude of the Foreign Relations Committee toward peace movements, and from the fact that Secretary Kellogg has personally introduced the matter for consideration. It is not likely that the Briand treaty itself can get a favorable hearing, implying as it necessarily does that a series of similar agreements will be entered upon with other countries. The administration does not appear to be inclined to inaugurate so far-reaching a policy, and there is hardly enough extant public opinion to force its hand. For the present, the effect of the Briand proposal, welcomed by so many workers for peace, must be looked for, we believe, in improvements of the arbitration treaty. That means a gain, even though it is not all that might conceivably be desired.

DEVISING a constitution that will provide for every human eventuality, foreseen or unforeseen, is probably beyond the compass of the human mind. It is somewhat surprising, however, to see a contingency of the first order suddenly confront us in the eligibility of Mr. Hoover for the highest honor the nation has it in its power to bestow. The forthcoming presidential election certainly should train the public mind to think hard and fast. Hardly has it solved all the possibilities involved in the use of the word "choose," than it is called upon to guess what was in the minds of the fathers of the country when the proviso of "fourteen years' residence" was insisted upon as a qualification for the Presidency. Judged by the rule of common sense, which it is not too likely to be, the decision should not be hard. At the time it was laid down, America had just emerged from a life-and-death struggle with the British empire. The issue upon which separation had taken place had not ceased to be a contentious one merely because it had been decided by arms. To require any candidate for the Presidency to have spent at least fourteen years of his life within the colonies—in other words to require him to have come under the influences which made the Revolution—was a matter of simple prudence. Its application at this date to a man whose race and traditions are American and whose first twenty-eight years were spent within the union, would, it seems to us, be a gross abuse of the letter at the expense of the spirit.

OLD-FASHIONED Chinese drama, travel books used to tell us, lasted a week. Chinese revolutions appear to be conducted on a schedule that takes as little note of the flight of time. The outbreak at Canton, terrible as it is, probably reproduces many similar incidents that have been happening in remote districts upon which the light of press despatches is not brought to bear. In our search for an understandable formula, we are likely to go astray if we refer it, except in an indirect manner, with the Soviet movement in what was at one time the celestial empire. It is the peculiarity of Sovietism that it is rather a perverse religion than a policy. In every country attacked by the virus it is likely to assume forms tinctured by national characteristics, and to utilize grievances that existed years before St. Petersburg changed its name to Petrograd or Leningrad. The same is true of those opposed to it. The repression of the revolt in the southern capital falls no whit behind the worst that has been reported of Sovietism in its lawlessness and bloody character. It is to be hoped that no attempt to give it a respectable character will succeed merely because it falls in line with certain foreign policies and allays certain foreign apprehensions for the future. "There are rumors," the well-informed correspondent of the New York Times tells us, "that a foreign power is behind the sudden violent anti-red wave which is sweeping South China." Those who have followed the Chinese situation during the past year will have little difficulty in filling in the cryptic despatch. It is to be hoped that America, if called upon to act decisively in the near future, will do so with a full sense of the responsibility that attaches to her unique position as the one great power capable of saving the convulsed republic, and not allow herself to be dragged at the tail of any policies which the national conscience is pretty sure to disavow once their full results are apparent.

WHILE upon the subject of China, there is a certain sad pleasure in turning aside from the squalid story of extra-territorial ambitions, and chronicling the saintly and heroic death of a martyr bishop who was flesh and bone and heart of the strange people that Europe is treating as raw material for commercial and political rivalries. Hardly a year has passed since Pius XI, in kissing the foreheads of the first five

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native bishops sent to China, bade them "Go and teach!" The story of how one of them has discharged his sacred trust, as given us by the Osservatore Romano, makes moving reading. Suanhwafu, the episcopal seat of Monsignor Tchao, has been one of the centres of warfare ever since his consecration. The first care of the new bishop, we are told, was to organize measures of relief for the fugitives who were streaming into the city. On October 13, a bitterly cold day, finding a family of refugees practically naked in a ruined building near the episcopal palace, the bishop ordered the blankets from his own bed to be distributed among them. Finding these coverings insufficient, he added the cloak from his own shoulders, continuing his pious errands without any thought of procuring another. The result was a deadly chill and paralysis of the members from which the bishop died at midnight, sitting up in his chair. Monsignor Tchao, who was the son of a martyr, is said to have had a premonition of his end and to have often foretold that his episcopate would be a brief one. At the time of his consecration, doubting voices as to its policy were not wanting from the more racially conscious element even among Catholics. Monsignor Tchao's life and death seem like the answer that Divine Providence reserved for them.

POLITIQUE is a comparatively new French magazine which discusses problems of the day from a point of view that is both Catholic and democratic. It is a refreshing sign of life in quarters whose activities until now we have felt were restricted to the admirable articles on political issues published by the veteran Correspondant. One welcomes it and turns with considerable interest to an article on the time-honored subject of Franco-American amity which graces the issue of November 15. The author plays the old scale very ably and carefully, pointing out that countries which had been closely joined in war discovered that peace left them supporting divergent issues. He makes a pertinent point in saying that, since French customs are often intolerable to "Puritanism," there is especial reason for winning the support of American Catholics. This was lost, however, during the period of religious conflict and is difficult to regain now. We agree with him that rapprochment was not easy while, excepting again the great Correspondant, the French Catholic press clamored for a political doctrine that simply cannot be championed in contemporary America. He must also remember that a great share of Catholic consciousness in the United States is quite definitely puritanical, and would be shocked not merely by such institutions as the "divorce mill" but also by a great deal of current French Catholic fiction. All this, however, constitutes no insuperable obstacle. A France not fanatically nationalistic nor anti-religious will win respect in this country for numberless reasons. Only both sides must abandon the fiction (subscribed to by our author) that the United States rushed to the war with unbridled enthusiasm. It simply did not; and the present clamor for isolation is due only in small part to the failure of Mr. Wilson as a diplomat, and in overwhelming measure to a resolve not to be "railroaded" into another A.E.F. adventure. That is the fact of the matter, and no good comes from ignoring facts.

PEOPLE who have been impressed a bit too strongly by contemporary discussion of the farm problem will find a pleasant tonic in a recent report of the Department of Agriculture on tenancy. This advances statistics to show that the number of tenant-operated farms increased by nearly eight thousand during the five years preceding 1925. It is a small percentage, when one remembers that farmers now retiring represent the last great era of homesteading and naturally find it difficult to discover ready young buyers of real estate at prevailing high prices. The report indicates, moreover, that the majority of the landowners live near by and so are in a position to supervise to a considerable extent the management of their properties. When one considers, further, that most of these owners are men possessing but a single and relatively small farm, the likelihood of "one man" ownership of farm land through a process of mortgage liquidation is very remote. No doubt the price per acre is a reason why the process of rising from the hired-man stage to the owner stage is more difficult now than it used to be. But if various minor but competently conducted researches can be trusted, a great majority of farms are now in a stage of transition from father to son. That renders financing easier and at the same time makes consciousness of agriculture as a profession a notable part of the mentality surrounding rural life. What remains truly unfortunate about the whole situation is the comparative inability of individuals to unite upon any program of coöperation. It is, after all, marketing rather than financing which constitutes the basic difficulty.

A SIGNIFICANCE leagues removed from the customary banality of honorary degrees is attached to the recent grant of the University of Salamanca doctorate to James Brown Scott, of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. In company with Señor Fernandez Medina, minister to Spain from Uruguay, Dr. Brown went to Salamanca to participate in the ceremonies incident to the establishment of a "Chair of Francisco di Vittoria." And who, many will ask, is Vittoria? Dr. Brown answered by saying: "All the Protestant authors since Grotius have drawn from this Dominican scholar the fundamental concepts for their theories of the law of peoples." It was probably the first time that an eminent American student of international law, the representative of a nation which has grown from the initial deed of Columbus to a position of almost unrivaled wealth and influence, paid a tribute to that Spanish Catholic

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thought which so profoundly modified the ethical life of modern Europe. We may add that Vittoria, who is sometimes termed the "father of the new scholasticism," was born about 1480 and died in 1549, after having spent a good twenty years as professor of theology in the University of Salamanca. His ideas on the subject of international law, stated for the most part in his Relectiones XII Theologicae, are beyond doubt the fundamental concepts of modern legal teaching. He taught that religious belief was not a proper motive for depriving others of just natural rights; that noncombatants must not be slaughtered in times of war; that looting should be repudiated; and that slavery was not an end that could be sought in war with any legitimacy. We doubt that his teachings are half as well known as they ought to be, even among Catholics. This doubt is intensified when one sees that the majority of journals carrying the news upon which the present comment is based misspelled the titles of Vittoria's books.

THE fifty years which have passed since Madame Marcella Sembrich made her début on the operatic stage have seen many notable singers come and go. Few contemporary Metropolitan patrons, moreover, are old enough to remember distinctly her Mimi and Marguerite de Valois. Her grace and finished superiority abide, nevertheless, as unforgettable exemplars of what the vocalist's art can be. The "bel canto" she illustrated so well insisted upon complete mastery of what may be termed musical mechanics, in order that the voice of the singer as well as the score of the composer might be conserved. The exhausting demands of a highly involute art, the exquisite modulations of power and color which are so often sacrificed to a dramatic attack satisfying to the mediocre ear—these she insisted upon because she felt that only perfection could guarantee perfection. That musical America owes her a great debt of gratitude for example and service is altogether evident; and it was good to see the Bohemians, of New York City, paying a part of it at a recent testimonial dinner at which Mr. Otto Kahn headed a deputation of expressive orators.

PERENNIAL PHILOSOPHY

TO ALL who have been dismayed at the comparative aloofness of scholastic philosophy from the sources of energy from which modern thinking is derived, some hope has come through rumors of a "metaphysical revolution" in Germany. They recalled that the Teutonic universities have been and still are the central scenes in the modern philosophic drama, and they were sure that if a significant change occurred here something like an impressive aftermath would follow elsewhere. But precisely what are the dimensions of the new German change? To this question it has been difficult to give an adequate answer, primarily for the reason that thinking has surged round problems which can only with the greatest difficulty be made accessible to the general reader. In the second place, the "Catholic" relationship to the new views has been for the most part quite indirect. At any rate the able Cologne professor, Dr. Peter Wust, has recently provided a summary of the matter which strikes us as extraordinarily helpful and significant.

He begins by calling attention to the central, all-determining problem of orientation in philosophy. A man who remains "natural," that is unaffected by methodic doubt regarding his ability to "know" at all, begins to think because he does not understand the world or his relation to it, but without doubting the fundamental stability and dependability of that world. This attitude, which constituted the triumph of antique philosophy over the Sophists, has come to be in modern times the "Catholic idea of being." It is the heart of all essentially Christian approaches to the problems which engross thought, and it constitutes the reason why Catholic philosophy is so intimately bound up with theology. For if one grants the existence of an ordered world, the chief question becomes, "Who is the giver of this order?" The answer can, of course, be given in its completeness only by that science which is preëminently concerned with God.

Modern philosophy has, however, been quite differently orientated. It began to doubt the ability of the mental functions to know anything, and therefore necessarily denied that the existence of an ordered universe is immediately apparent. Thinking turned into a series of more or less plausible hypotheses to account for the existence of order, this never being accepted as a "given fact." Kantianism was accepted as the best explanation, and it really was the best among all those advanced by the sceptical intelligence. In this way Kant was the agent in the long process of elimination which drove from control numerous concurrent systems. One may even assert that this was, granted the trend of the times, an excellent thing. The authority of the Koenigsberg sage kept alive respect for "transcendental reality" and the "moral sanction" in an age when practically nothing else stood for them.

Nevertheless the conflict of Catholic philosophy was waged against Kant rather than against extraneous materialisms. Its own view of being could energize thinking only in so far as it gained a victory over the "critique of pure reason." Thus there arose a queer confluence of circumstances under which the Catholic view of life became the great opponent of Kantianism, which in turn was the abiding foe of materialistic anarchies. Out of the ranks of the neo-transcendentalists came the first restorers of the "idea of being." Something of a desire to effect a compromise between this and transcendentalism had already been evident before the close of the century. Then the searching and meticulous investigation of mediaeval philosophy undertaken by such men as Baeumker forced everybody to give some attention to the doctrine of the schools.

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Finally, it was Brentano who, though himself abandoning the profession of the Catholic creed, gained for Aristotelianism—which he continued to view in a relatively Thomistic sense—a hearing on the part of various gifted younger men. These in turn, through such processes as that examination of the contents of consciousness which is termed "phenomenonology," reaffirmed the objectivity of the knowable universe. Accordingly, it is safe to say not only that the Catholic philosopher's view of the world has returned to the modern philosopher, but also that this view has had a creative share in determining the mind of the present.

Dr. Wust does not believe that the immediate present is a particularly reassuring era. He admits that existing Catholic thinkers lack the stature of the greatest men living prior to the outbreak of the war. He concludes, however, that if the whole trend of events since 1900 is taken into consideration it becomes clear that "one can say quite tranquilly that what has been in recent philosophy is now no more, and that the return of Kantianism in the sense which prevailed a decade or two ago is inconceivable. If all signs are not deceiving, we are approaching an epoch of systematic work in philosophy, the primary concern of which will be ontology and metaphysics in the same sense as that upheld perennially by the Catholic idea of being. That this development places a heavy burden of responsibility upon the shoulders of Catholic thinkers is, of course, obvious. We feel sure, however, that they will prove adequate to the occasion, and we rejoice that it has come to them.

THE BUSINESS BOOM

GILBERT MURRAY tells a story of a lonely Englishman in the Australian bush who might have been found, at nightfall, taking a frugal dinner alone in evening clothes. He then deduces the moral that tradition keeps a firm grip on all of us. One must add that in this respect tradition has a few rivals. One of these is the force usually described as "publicity." Its action is nowhere more apparent, probably, than in the suburbs of the tremendous affair called prosperity. Many of us, no doubt, have the feeling that the contemporary American business boom is largely an adventure on the part of those who lord it over the scene—in evening clothes, as it were—and that the great majority of citizens must content themselves (to carry the figure farther) with dining in their overalls. During the last two or three years, the balance sheets of industry and finance have, indeed, looked very favorable. Every economic advantage attainable by a nation—peace, a favorable trade balance, reduced taxes and national indebtedness, sound currency and profitable exchange—has been lavished upon us. Yet there is no doubting widespread unemployment, which to a large extent is the direct result of conflict between the owner and the worker, and the effect of competition between manual labor and machine labor.

It should not be forgotten that "peak" periods like the present constitute real tests of the ability of the capitalistic system to promote the general welfare better than any other system of distribution could. If now, when all the means are at our disposal, we cannot do something in the way of social improvement, there is little reason to believe we ever can, under the same management. The facts in the case have, therefore, a social significance far more important than would usually attach to them. They are too big and too diversified to be estimated in mere vague generalizations.

That is why statistics like those recently published by Professor Irving Fisher are valuable. On the basis of the census figures, it is possible to estimate the number of families in the country. If the number of those employed is twice as great as the number of families, it means that (roughly speaking) two incomes constitute one domestic exchequer. Furthermore, when these incomes are added together in terms of a monetary standard not influenced by inflation, it is possible to discern whether the amount which mother can spend is larger than it used to be. At any rate through just such a legitimate exercise of the Baconian method, Professor Fisher demonstrates that the economic position of the American family has improved. His confrère, Professor Paul H. Douglas, has likewise called our attention to another advantage gained during the past few years. Wages now earned are computed on something less than four-fifths of the working hours current thirty years ago. A great deal of this extra time can be gainfully employed; and certainly it alone explains the ease with which the country has been able to surmount a growing "servant problem." Who knows how many dollars have been saved by such patriarchal expedients as mowing lawns and polishing silver?

More striking, however, is the emancipation—or at least the growing tendency toward emancipation—of American industrial ideology from mistakes that were enthusiastically accepted some few years ago. What Mr. Mehren calls the "security wage"—that is a wage which permits, over and above the amount needed for necessaries, the acquisition of a sum expendable upon extras or reservable for old age—is a concept which has cut into a lot of ultra-conservative feeling. Indeed one may say that such concepts are far more important than any immediate facts about wealth. The last may change and will change if conditions tumble toward the worse. But if it can steadily conserve and promote the human standards which it has tended to accept during recent years, American capitalism need fear no onrush of the desperate in times of depression. Its recipe may sometimes be impracticable, but it will remain as good as, if not better than, what is predicted on visionary placards by certain of the prophetically inclined leaders of revolution.

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THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS IN CUBA

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

THE CHOICE of Havana as the meeting-place of the Sixth International Conference of American States, coupled with the fact that the President of the United States himself and his Secretary of State have expressed their intention to attend the opening session, is of greater significance than might be apparent at first sight. It is a fact denied only by benevolent theorists that there is a very strong feeling against the United States throughout the other twenty peoples of the Pan-American Union. It is not directed against all individuals, it is not primarily racial, nor religious as are so many of the inherited national antipathies of Europe, though some subconscious memory of the Elizabethan politico-religious struggle may still linger on both sides. It is not purely economic nor mainly cultural, though all of these things, tangible and intangible, do tend to create the atmosphere in which American inter-state diplomacy must, of necessity, do its work.

Pathological similes are not wholly amiss in the analysis of international relations; the elementary principles of diagnosis can be utilized. There is "temperature" observable, and temperature is a natural danger signal. Moreover, during the past year there has been criticism of our policy by our own people which is not wholly attributable to domestic partisan politics. It has been quite as strong within the party of the administration as it has among those opposed to it on general principles. Both the policy and the personnel of the groups upon whom the routine detail of policy properly falls have been under heavy fire.

It may be demonstrable that, in part at least, the reason for the thick pall of silence which has been laid by our press in general over certain aspects of our policy toward neighbor states, is connected with a searching analysis by the heads of the present administration of all the elements of dissatisfaction with Pan-American policy, at home and abroad which is so clearly evident, preparatory to a constructive platform. Domestic politics do enter into the situation, of course; if the Republican party returns to power, such a platform of constructive diplomacy within the Pan-American Union of nations will be an asset, political and economical. If not, the present situation will be a formidable handicap to a Democratic administration, for policy and personnel are both brittle and prickly objects to touch and to handle.

There is, quite naturally, an insurmountable obstacle to free discussion of basic difficulties by members of any Pan-American conference held in Washington. The presence of the chief executive of this nation would be a doubtful compliment, for no matter how excellent his intention, common diplomatic courtesy would obviate any possibility of frank and strong expression of opinion as to underlying causes of disagreement. This would apply with perhaps even greater force, by the rules of courtesy, to conferences held in any South American capital. Havana is in a sense neutral ground. Cuba is bound by ties equally strong, of public economy and sentiment, to North and South America. North and South Americans are equally at home in Cuba. Both are free there to express themselves frankly. It is more nearly an ideal location for such a meeting than was Panama in 1826, chosen as a central point by the great Simon Bolivar for the first conference—the invitation to which we accepted, but which, unfortunately, with an over-refinement of old world diplomacy, we did not attend.

It has been frequently asserted during the past year, and it is true, that policy too often grows out of precedent rather than out of reasoned, analytical application of fundamental principle to each case arising in the routine of international business; that precedent arises as frequently out of accident as out of design; that a series of accidental precedents, followed inertly or over-meticulously, tends to crystalize into definite procedure, often (and after lapse of considerable time, inevitably) at variance with the true interests of both parties. Furthermore it is an inescapable fact that no amount of harmony on secondary essentials ever balances refusal to discuss and meet primary causes of irritation.

These Pan-American conferences are based upon some definition of Pan-Americanism, but that word is capable of very widely differing interpretations. Adams at the birth of these new nations was interested solely in the United States and its material concerns, and rather strongly inclined to the theory that self-government, to be successful, is not for any but Anglo-Saxons. He thought the new republics of the South

> not likely to promote the spirit either of freedom or order by their example. They have not the first elements of good or free government. Arbitrary power, military and ecclesiastical, is stamped upon their habits, and upon all their institutions.

Adams continued in the same strain in 1821 in his assertion that he had

> little expectation of any beneficial result to this country from any future connection with them, political or commercial. . . . As to an American system, we have it—we constitute the whole of it.

The contribution of Adams to the Monroe Doctrine was no emanation of Pan-Americanism in any sense, but it does still represent a considerable portion of North American opinion, as it did at the time he gave expression to these sentiments.

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Henry Clay, on the contrary, was never slow to proclaim his ardent faith in, and sympathy with, South American republicanism. He was "strongly inclined to believe that they will, in most, if not in all parts of their country, establish free governments"; and because it was his opinion that

> we are their great example; of us they constantly speak as of brothers having a similar origin; they adopt our principles, copy our institutions, and in many instances employ the very language and sentiments of our revolutionary papers

Clay was very strongly inclined to reach out a firm and helping hand. In that sense he supported the doctrine of Monroe as safeguarding, not the sole interests of the United States, but rather the common interest of North and South America together, striving for the same political objectives, the same principles of liberty and self-government.

Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State, was simple, emphatic and all-embracing in his conception of Pan-Americanism. He saw a comprehensive United States of America (not merely of North America) but he saw it for reasons more nearly analogous to those of Adams than to those of Clay:

> I can look southwest [his St. Paul speech 1860] and see amid all the convulsions that are breaking the South American republics, and in their rapid decay and dissolution, the preparatory stage for their reorganization in free, equal and self-governing members of the United States of America.

His vision of the City of Mexico as the "ultimate central seat of power of the North American people" has a ring of that imperialistic clarion which South America hears with some degree of apprehension, yet it also fits his theory of a United States of both continents.

James G. Blaine revived and infused new vigor into the Pan-American idea, which had languished for half a century. When he was Secretary of State he sent to all the independent countries of North and South America

> an earnest invitation to participate in a general congress to be held in the city of Washington on November 24, 1882, for the purpose of considering and discussing methods of preventing war between the nations of America.

Again, near the end of Cleveland's first term of office, Congress authorized the President to invite the republics of Mexico, Central and South America, Haiti, San Domingo and the empire of Brazil to join the United States in a conference at Washington in 1889, for the purpose of formulating a definite plan for the arbitration of international disputes of every character, and some such other matters of possible common interest as a customs union and uniform customs regulations, improvement of means of communication, uniform weights and measures, a common silver coin, protection of patents and copyrights and the arrangement of extradition.

Two definite results remained from this conference: the common declaration that arbitration "is a principle of American international law," and the establishment in Washington of the Bureau of American Republics. From 1889 Pan-American conferences have followed one another, each with some gain: at Mexico in 1901-1902; at Rio de Janeiro in 1906, at which conference Secretary Root was present; at Buenos Aires in 1910, which session developed the Bureau of American Republics to the present Pan-American Union; and at Santiago, postponed from 1914 to 1923 because of the world war. In 1915 a Pan-American Financial Conference met at Washington, to discuss various matters of financial stress arising out of the world war. This session recommended the establishment of an International High Commission for the purpose of carrying on the work of the Conference, which held its first general meeting at Buenos Aires in 1916. The long series of special congresses which have been held, such as the Pan-American Scientific Conferences, and such organizations as the American Institute of International Law, composed of five representatives of each of the twenty-one American republics, are a result of this phase of Pan-Americanism. In 1916 this Institute adopted a Declaration of the Rights and Duties of Nations, and on the same day President Wilson made the following declaration, which he endeavored to embody in a treaty with the nations of South and Central America:

> The Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed by the United States on her own authority. It has always been maintained and will always be maintained upon her own responsibility. But the Monroe Doctrine demanded merely that European governments should not attempt to extend their political systems to this side of the Atlantic. It did not disclose the use which the United States intended to make of her power on this side of the Atlantic. It was a hand held up in warning but there was no promise in it of what America was going to do with the implied and partial protectorate which she apparently was trying to set up on this side of the water, and I believe you will sustain me in the statement that it has been fears and suspicions on this score which have hitherto prevented the greater intimacy and confidence and trust between the Americas. The States of America have not been certain what the United States would do with her power.
>
> That doubt must be removed. . . . America . . . must establish the foundations of amity, so no one hereafter will doubt them. . . . It will be accomplished, in the first place, by the States of America uniting in guaranteeing to each other absolute political independence and territorial integrity. In the second place, and as necessary corollary to that, guaranteeing the agreement to settle all pending boundary disputes as soon as possible and by amicable process; by agreeing that all disputes between themselves . . . will be . . . settled by arbitration; and the agreement necessary to the peace of the

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> Americas, that no state of either continent will permit revolutionary expeditions against another state to be fitted out in its territory, and that they will prohibit the exportation of munitions of war for the purpose of supplying revolutionists against neighboring governments.

Woodrow Wilson not only declared that the United States would never seek territory by conquest, but went so far in his zeal to demonstrate his sincerity as to urge South Americans to avoid concessions to foreign capitalists, and to seek "emancipation from the subordination which has been inevitable to foreign enterprise"; indeed, he even proceeded to the length of abandoning the interests of American investors in Mexico when the latter were exposed to revolutionary pillage.

"The subordination which is inevitable to foreign enterprise" is precisely the form in which the United States now appears most terrifying to South America. Debate might turn upon the exact meaning of the "inevitability" of subordination. We were not inevitably subordinated to Great Britain during that period when British capital flowed generously into the construction and development of American railroads. The inevitability of subordination means either that Latin America is in no condition to receive credit, a sweeping theory with which American bankers do not seem to agree, or that the Latin-American contention is true that we consciously and deliberately use development or investment capital to fasten political control on other nations of America where it suits our imperial plans to do so. That is one of the main causes of distrust. On the other President Wilson also laid his finger when he said:

> There was no promise in it of what America was going to do with the implied and partial protectorate. . . .

The Pan-American Union cannot touch on these questions, since its governing board is composed of the diplomatic representatives at Washington from the twenty other republics which support it, and the United States is represented by the Secretary of State himself. To all the other nations of America the matters discussed by all these past conferences, while culturally important perhaps, are lacking in reality. The two things basic to inter-American relations are equality not theoretical but actual, and credit rather than "North Americanization" through capital.

On the possibility of discussion of these matters and on the attitude of the government of the United States toward them rests the success of the coming conference at Havana, and not only that, but the entire basis of our future relations with the twenty republics—and through that situation, certain phases of our relations to France, Germany and Great Britain. In importance, through its possibilities and consequences, the Sixth Pan-American Conference ranks with the late conference on limitation of armament. In dealing with it, the American press should exercise its fullest power to inform our public on the principles and issues involved—issues which, unfortunately, are nowhere indicated in the published program.

The press can and should perform a public service of the first magnitude by assisting now in the formulation, by this administration or the next, of a sober and constructive policy of American international amity and coöperation, and should be represented at Havana by the best men available for the purpose.

AUSTRALIA'S RELIGIOUS CRADLE

By MICHAEL D. FORREST

THE announcement that the international Eucharistic Congress of 1928 is to be held at Sydney, the chief port of Australia and the capital of New South Wales, is calculated to draw world attention to the astonishing progress made by the Church in this newest of all the new worlds during a period that is covered by three fairly long generations. Beside the "recentness" of Australasia, the story of the Church in America dims to a venerable perspective of years. The matter may be put in a form that will strike the imagination of all if we remember that at a time when many of the fanes still in daily use in the great cities of the United States were packed with worshipers, Australia and New Zealand were practically virgin territory, almost as little trodden as the twin Poles.

When Captain Cook landed on the shores of Botany Bay on April 28, 1770, and gazed northward over the beautiful expanse of country that opened before him, he little dreamed that within a century that site would be occupied by one of the fairest cities in the southern hemisphere. The keenest insight into the mists of future years could scarcely have perceived that this undulating land would one day be covered by a vast city; even had he advanced and gazed out on the great harbor, it is scarcely probable that the explorer could have divined that around those verdant shores the seeds would soon be sown of a handsome town that would develop into a city of such importance and magnificence as Sydney.

The city of Sydney, the pride and glory of Australia, is situated on the shores of Port Jackson, a harbor whose beauty and excellence are of world-wide renown. The opening to this spacious and picturesque harbor is ample enough to allow the largest steamers to enter with facility, and at the same time it is sufficiently narrow to prevent the storms that at times

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sweep the Pacific Ocean from agitating to any serious extent the harbor and its numerous inlets. Rarely, indeed, are those storms so violent as to render dangerous the passage across the landlocked haven.

Around the shores of Port Jackson, especially on the northern and southern sides, cluster the many edifices that constitute the great city. As one travels around the harbor, with its coastline proper of some six hundred miles, it is indeed beautiful to behold on the right and the left and before one, arising from where the fringes of landscape dip into the water, houses of various designs snugly nestling together and stretching back as far as the eye can reach. Whatever inlet of the harbor the traveler may penetrate, numbers of homes beautifully built and symmetrically arranged meet his eager gaze.

The northern suburbs—Milson's Point, Lavendar Bay and Neutral Bay, and beyond these, the great suburb of Mosman with its manifold divisions—are an adornment to the metropolis. It is, however, especially along and beyond the southern shore of the harbor that the city proper lies. Numerous shops and warehouses, magnificent government buildings, splendid cathedrals, capacious educational establishments, recreation reserves and parks, and especially the beautiful botanical gardens overlooking the placid waters, lend to Sydney a charm that is all its own. I might add that the zoological gardens, rising from the water's edge on the northern side, are almost unique in their arrangement and extent.

There is scarcely a spot in Sydney that has not interwoven with it some interesting historic fact. Many a day also in Sydney's yearly calendar recalls some famous event in the foundation and growth of the mother city of Australia.

In July, 1790, the governor laid down the lines of a regular town, the principal street extending one mile in a westerly direction from the landing place known as Sydney Cove. In the following year the work was commenced of hewing out tanks destined to supply the growing town with water, and for many years afterward these tanks proved a successful water supply for Sydney, until the construction of the large Prospect reservoir.

On October 24, 1883, Fort Macquarie battery, erected on the harbor, was completed, and thus were begun the fortifications of modern Sydney.

Soon the town was divided into five districts. The names of the respective streets, numbering fourteen, were officially proclaimed on October 6, 1810, as George, Pitt, Castlereagh, York, Clarence, Kent, Sussex, Phillip, Macquarie, Hunter, Bligh, King, Goulburn, and Elizabeth.

Glancing onward and allowing our attention to rest awhile on various other features in the history of Sydney, we notice the beginning of the public markets on October 20, 1810, the completion of Queen's wharf at the dawn of 1813, the laying of the foundation stone of the Supreme Court on June 4, 1819, the establishment of the Australian Free Library on December 1, 1827, the formation of the Australian Steam Navigation Board on April 12, 1833, the declaration of Port Jackson as a free port in 1833, the establishment of the Sydney Gaslight Company on April 13, 1836, and the opening of the Botanical Gardens on April 30, 1838. We notice, too, that six new streets were officially named in 1834—Victoria, Brougham, Judge, Duke, Dowling and Forbes.

Some twenty years later the Sydney Exchange, which had been established at the cost of a quarter of a million pounds sterling, was opened by Sir Thomas Denison, and eleven years later, on April 4, 1863, the foundation of Sydney Town Hall was laid by the Duke of Edinburgh.

During the half-century that followed Sydney grew with magic rapidity. Year after year witnessed some marvelous development in the industries, the extension and the adornment of an already flourishing city. At the present time Sydney, with a population of over a million, may be described as the largest, most commercial, most important and most beautiful city in Australasia. Electric trams, worked on an excellent system, traverse its busy streets at every moment; ferries are constantly skimming the harbor; automobiles speed along its streets and roads in rapid succession; at night its now numberless streets are brilliant with electric light; the whole city is ever alive with dense crowds of people who throng its streets and its business places; motor buses glide through the city and suburbs; a subway with its frequent train service carries multitudes of passengers; an immense bridge, intended to span the harbor and thus connect north and south Sydney, is in course of construction.

With the civic development of Sydney the Church, despite many and serious obstacles, has more than kept pace. When Dr. Polding, vicar-apostolic, arrived in Sydney after his episcopal consecration in London in 1834, he found but four priests—Father Ullathorne, O.S.B., V.G., Father Therry, Father McEncroe, and Father Dowling, O.P. The entire continent was then but one vicariate-apostolic. Within the space of a century that immense territory has been divided into six archdioceses and fourteen dioceses and is now a perfectly organized Church. Nor must we overlook the flourishing Church in New Zealand. An apostolic delegate now presides over Australia, New Zealand and the Pacific Islands. The present apostolic delegate is His Excellency, the Most Reverend B. Cattaneo, D.D., LL.D. Archbishop Cattaneo succeeded in this office Archbishop Cerretti, who is now a member of the Sacred College of Cardinals. But let us return to Sydney.

At the present time the archdiocese of Sydney comprises 101 parishes with 185 churches, some of which, in their splendor, vie with the great churches of Europe and America. In the archdiocese are 187 secular priests and 117 priests of religious orders, 350 teaching brothers, 2,180 sisters, six ecclesiastical seminaries,

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ten colleges for boys, seventeen boarding schools for girls, thirty-six superior day schools, 160 primary schools, thirty charitable institutions. Of course I refer only to distinctly Catholic educational and charitable institutions. The reader must already be struck by the fact that, although the Church is denied state aid for its schools, yet the Sydney archdiocese counts 160 Catholic primary schools (in charge of sisters and brothers) in 101 parishes!

The largest ecclesiastical seminary in the Sydney archdiocese is Saint Patrick's College, a perennial monument to the zeal and foresight of Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, who began this great work and who lived for many years after its happy completion. This great white college stands majestically between the surging billows of the Pacific, which beat upon the rocky coast of the college grounds, and Sydney harbor, whose gentle waves lap the opposite shore of the grounds.

The greatest church in Sydney, and indeed in Australia, is Saint Mary's Cathedral. Under the title, Our Lady, Help of Christians, the cathedral was begun in 1820 by the heroic Father Therry and completed by Archbishop Polding. In 1865 it was destroyed by fire. Rebuilt, it was consecrated by Archbishop Vaughan on September 8, 1882. Archbishop Kelly, the present devoted and tireless shepherd of the Sydney archdiocese, has, among the varied activities of his archepiscopal reign, devoted ceaseless attention to the completion of what was already a glorious cathedral. Saint Mary's will be completed before the opening of the International Eucharistic Congress in September, 1928, and will be one of the most splendid cathedrals in Christendom. It is situated on an ideal spot, practically overlooking the beautiful harbor from the southern side.

The crowning exercise of the Eucharistic Congress will be a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament across the vast harbor. Beginning at Saint Patrick's College, Manly, the procession will wind its way down to the pier where the papal legate, bearing the Church's priceless treasure—the consecrated Host—will embark on one of Sydney's beautiful ferry-boats. What His Eminence's entourage will be one cannot yet state exactly. Australians hope that, besides archbishops, bishops and monsignori, several princes of the Church will be present. A flotilla of ferries, crowded with devout pilgrims, will follow the picturesque modern bark that will bear the Eucharistic King held by the direct representative of the Vicar of Christ.

Having traversed the miles of water that lie between Manly and the cove adjacent to Saint Mary's Cathedral, the pilgrimage will reverently alight on the shores of southern Sydney, there to be joined by an immense concourse of people. All will then proceed to the great Gothic cathedral where, as the closing act of a never-to-be forgotten Congress, the papal legate will impart to the kneeling multitude the blessing of Christ, the Eucharistic King.

PSALTER OF A MISSIONER IN CHINA

By FRANCIS X. FORD

i. "Beatus vir."

I SAT for several hours at the door of a market-town chapel watching the hundreds of pagans pass by the way. The town boasts of two Catholics among its 5,000 souls. And I thought of the many sorrows in the prophecy of Christ: "All ye who pass by the way, see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow." Surely this is one of them—a heedless throng who have never known their God. I knew it as His sorrow for it weighs on a missioner's heart to see a thousand roofs that have never sheltered a sacred image, whose walls have never heard a prayer, whose lintels are inscribed with pagan signs, whose dwellers order their lives without a thought of God.

This is a one-street town, with a short path crossing it from the chapel to the river bank, and the street is long and winding and hot and dusty, while the chapel path at the river's edge has the grateful shade of a banyan, evergreen and flourishing though slow of growth. And the Psalmist says: "Blessed is the man who hath not walked in the way of sinners; he shall be as a tree planted at the waterside . . . whose leaves shall not wither. For the Lord hath known the path of the just and shall destroy the way of the wicked."

The pity of pagan lives is that their way is so twisted and dusty and unrefreshed; in the construction of their lanes and houses they avoid straight lines and vistas because of superstitious fears, and their lives, too, are hemmed in and tortuous and dark and fit soil for sickly thoughts. A step to the right would bring them within our chapel door to an Eden where God is waiting. It may be a mere accident, but the chapel garden in China often stands out as the solitary cultivated spot in an otherwise bare town—and this within the tropics.

ii. "Quare fremuerunt gentes?"

A missioner feels like shouting sometimes when reciting his breviary. The discouragements of the day, the lonesomeness in a pagan throng, the lack of virtue in himself—all are forgotten in the knowledge that he is working among God's own people, the inheritance of Christ the King. A pagan who before seemed of the earth earthy, sunk in the depths of sin, becomes ennobled and specially marked with the claim of Christ.

We are prospectors in a land that is registered in

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the Name of God, and the grains of gold washed out with so much toil no longer seem small, and the vein will be rich as the choice gift of God to His Son. If we are pioneers in a lawless land, it must be in order that ground be broken and the first lode bared before the organized city springs up, the Holy Mount of Sion, where God's precepts are preached in a law-abiding community.

iii. "Domine, quid multiplicati sunt."

"How many they are who are pressing against me!" This cry was echoed on the lips of the reigning Father of Christendom, as he looked from Peter's See on the surging mass of pagandom. In the twentieth century of the Saviour, two-thirds of His world still cries: "There is no salvation in His God." It is a humbling and an anxious thought for the Vicar of Christ on earth that one thousand million pagan souls are slaves, not free men, in a world that should be Christ's. With the intuition of a seer, proclaiming that "the Church has no other reason for existence than, by enlarging the Kingdom of Christ throughout the world, to make all men participate in His saving redemption," Our Holy Father solemnly established the feast of Christ, the Universal King. The pagan world was long invited to submit to the rule of Christ; more active steps must now be taken, and the Vicar of the Prince of Peace sends forth his edict of the universal reign. "The Lord is salvation and Thy blessing shall be over Thy people."

iv. "Signatum est super nos lumen vultus tui, Domine: dedisti laetitiam in corde meo."

The missioner has several opportunities for sacrifice, not the least of which is the tedious waiting for souls. Often days and months and sometimes years drag by with but small outward success. How long it sometimes seems before they even realize the priestly love that yearns toward them, how thanklessly are advances met, and in exchange for present earthly pleasures, how scornfully they value peace of soul and ask: "Who showeth us good things?"

It is on the missions that a man must look beyond surroundings for his joy, though now and again in tracing the chrismed cross on the forehead of a convert he can whisper: "The light of Thy countenance, O Lord, is signed upon us; Thou hast given gladness in my heart." Whatever gladness he has should be purified by a God-given peace within, from trusting in the Lord. And again he casts his line, in a persevering effort undaunted by seeming failure—"for Thou, O Lord, singularly hast grounded me in hope."

v. "Gloriabuntur in te omnes qui diligunt nomen tuum."

These past few years in China have been a testing period. The powers of darkness have held dominion over souls and have fattened these thousand years and more on pagan rites, until the present century saw the wonderful progress of the Faith. And now, uneasy at the conquests for Christ among His Asiatic brethren, paganism is beginning anew to resent the Christian Cross.

A Catholic generation has arisen unused to persecution, though martyrs' blood is within their veins, and the great majority of our Christians are newborn to the Faith and still without traditions. It is then an opportune time to strike at them. Where formerly was simple indifference is now resentment, where once an affable welcome is now restraint and coldness. A mist, though faint and fluctuating, is still chill enough to take the warmth out of hearts. These are indeed saddening thoughts.

And yet, on a sick-call in passing through some villages, I met several groups of Catholics on the road. They were walking with their pagan friends. I noticed on each some emblem of the Faith, usually a medal but often a crucifix, worn openly by men and boys as well as women. I had no fear of a persecution weakening their faith, "for all they that love Thy name shall glory in Thee" and it needs a stout heart these days publicly to glory in the cross and to carry it thus abroad before all the world.

vi. "Inveteravi inter omnes inimicos meos."

Sin ages the soul and, in a pagan land withdrawn from grace, both body and soul are broken down by sin. It is a clarifying truth that slavery and servitude of women are coterminous with heathen shores. "Extra ecclesiam nulla salus" might be truly translated "Outside the Church there is no soundness," either of body or soul. And this truth is more frightful than we can realize on this side of eternity. The pagan world lies in the shadow of death and "there is no one in death that is mindful of Thee and who shall confess to Thee in hell?"

The enormity of this age-long dominion of Satan cannot be magnified; indeed the Catholic world needs the stimulating shock of its significance to be roused to a crusade for Christ. . . .

vii. "Exaltare in finibus inimicorum meorum . . . et synagoga populorum circumdabit te. Et propter hanc in altum regredere."

From the days of Adam down the ages has God had a priesthood offering holocausts, until the anointed Saviour absorbed into Himself the entire office of priesthood, whence "from the rising of the sun even to the going down thereof, My Name is great among the gentiles and in every place there is sacrifice."

And the missioner, as he lays his altar stone on rough boards in the mountain villages of China, is fulfilling the prophecy of Malachy. Surrounded by paganism in the frontiers of God's kingdom, he sooner or later has a little congregation humbly kneeling down to worship before its God.

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viii. "Ex ore infantium et lactentium perfecisti laudem."

We do not wonder overmuch at the solemn ritual of old Europe, the Gothic structures of the ages of faith, the galaxy of Pontiffs and doctors, the white-robed army of virgins and martyrs from Domitilla to Joan of Arc—these are the glorious records of a conquering Christ; the long familiarity in the household of the Faith has accustomed us to its splendors.

But come to the little chapel in a mountain fastness of China, among a pagan people rooted in idolatry, and see a barefoot congregation on the mud floor receiving its God from the hands of a Chinese priest, and then you realize the adaptability of the faith and that God Himself has become all things to all men. These Chinese unconsciously by their presence answer us that God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son, in Whose sight there is no distinction of race or color. "O Lord Our Lord: how admirable is Thy name in all the earth!"

ix. "Constitue, Domine, legislatorem super eos ut sciant gentes quoniam homines sunt."

Much of the retarding of the conversion of the pagan world is due to legislation. The common people, the ordinary laborers, may be indifferent to the Faith at first but they are rarely hostile. Persecutions down the ages have been official acts. The workman in his struggle for bread is too sympathetic with suffering to hate religion, unless misdirected by propaganda.

Hence in our prayers these days for the eastern nations that are more or less unfriendly to mission work, it would be well to include the lawgivers of the nations, that they may realize the limitations of their powers and the need of religion for the well-being of their country. Given an open field and fair play, the missions would blossom forth as under Constantine.

x. "In Domino confido: quomodo dicitis animae meae, in montem sicut passer transmigra?"

In China, sparrows are trapped for food and the trapper has often seen them fly away out of reach to the lonely hilltops. And a man sorely tempted yearns to flee in like manner away from trials; pressed on all sides by the glamour and bustle of the world, he seeks peace in solitude.

But the missioner's trials are the very opposite. Tramping the sparsely settled hills with Christians few and far between, the lonesomeness of his position tries his soul. Caught by nightfall in a pagan village without a chance to say Mass in the morning, he measures his puny strength against the multitude of unbelievers.

Then it is good to say: "In the Lord I put my trust," and reflect that "the Lord's throne is in heaven," that the earth and all therein are under His watchful care. It is when we are most abandoned by men that we realize God's nearness, and the silence of our lonely journeyings helps us listen to His voice.

A MEDIAEVAL CHASUBLE

By LIDA ROSE McCABE

THE mediaeval embroidered chasuble dating from the first decade of the fourteenth century that came into the possession of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in July had its first public showing a few weeks ago. Its acquisition is regarded as the most important event in the history of the Museum's department of textile fabrics.

The chasuble is the first example of "opus anglicanum," once synonymous with "broderie de perles," to reach America. It is an exceptionally rare type of vestment. Its art and craftsmanship belong to the period that produced the Syon cope, a treasured possession of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, the cope at Pienza, the fragment at Vich and the privately owned Butler-Bowdin cope. In design, material, execution, it is unrivaled. Its very history involves romance.

Scheduled last summer for auction at Christy's, in London, it created a furore among art dealers and collectors throughout Europe, for its history and value had long been known. It was bought by a representative of the Metropolitan Museum for the reputed sum of $25,000.

The former owner of the chasuble is Lieutenant-Colonel Raleigh Chichester-Constable of Burton Constable, Yorkshire. The family dates back to the Domesday Book. The estate is today the principal manor in the seigniory of Holderness. The seigniory was created by William the Conqueror. For little less than four hundred years this estate was the home of the chasuble. There, in the sacristy off the private chapel, Colonel Chichester-Constable discovered it, when he came into possession of the property in 1894, upon the death of Sir Talbot Constable.

The founding of this titled Catholic family outdoes romance. The manor of Burton Constable is recorded in the Domesday Book under the name of Santri Burton as a possession of the Archbishop of York. Shortly after it was known as Erenburgh Burton. Its chatelaine was the widow of one Gilbert de Alost. In the neighborhood of Santri Burton some ten miles seaward was the estate of Halsham, the original home in England of the Constable family. There dwelt a kinsman of the Conqueror. He was a considerable warrior listed in the Battle Abbey and the Tower of London. This warrior's eldest son, Ulbert de Constable, wooed and won the heiress of Erenburgh Burton. With this social event begins the history of Burton Constable.

Of the splendid proportions of the old mansion that occupied a site near the present Halsham church only ground outline remains. The church, Protestant since the Reformation, still preserves a Constable chapel, which with the vault has always been recognized as consecrated to the old faith.

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The ancient manor of Burton Constable in its unbroken Catholic tradition and unyielding adherence to the Faith is somewhat unique in the history of English manor-houses.

It was from family documents preserved in its "vaulted muniment room packed high of boxes filled with ancient deeds and manuscripts dating from the earliest Anglo-Norman history" that there was unearthed the Metropolitan Museum's only available data relative to the chasuble. Parchment manuscripts disclose that the old house was enlarged during the life of John Constable, born in 1521 to succeed in 1542 his father as owner of Burton Constable. The enlargement included a "faire chappell"—evidently of pretension for Sir John acquired for it panels of beautiful Gothic tracery.

Sir John before enlarging his house took as his wife Margaret, eldest daughter of the eighth Lord Scroope of Bolton Castle, a Catholic family of illustrious descent. Significantly, it is in the will of this Lady Margaret, unearthed from the parchments of the muniment room and dated 1559, that mention is made of the chasuble: "ye antient vestment" is bequeathed to "ye faire chappell." This would indicate that the chasuble was an heirloom handed down in her own family, the Scroopes, rather than the Constables.

The curator of the Metropolitan's textile department, Miss Frances Morris, who has given the chasuble exhaustive study, is of the opinion that it was probably originally commissioned for Edward III—perhaps as a memorial to his murdered father—and that it was later a royal gift to the Scroope family. In support of this contention Miss Morris says:

> The close resemblance between certain features in the illuminated manuscript of Walter de Milemete written for Edward III in 1326, and corresponding details in the chasuble—the oak leaves and acorns, the recurrent leopard-head motive (royal insignia) in the border of manuscript, and similarly placed in the trellis arcades of the chasuble—would seem to substantiate it, as does the iconography of the chasuble.
>
> It was customary in English ecclesiastical work of this period to figure martyred kings among the saints. Presuming that the chasuble was designed for Edward III, in the central group on the back—the Adoration of the Magi, with figures designed in the manner of the English primitives in the painted chamber of Westminster—the kneeling king with saintly features would represent Edward the Confessor, while the two standing kings on the right would be the youthful sovereign, Edward III, and his martyred father.

The chasuble is fashioned of the same velvet as in the Butler-Bowden cope—a ruby-toned silk weave of the finest quality. It was imported from the near East presumably Persia, for neither England, Italy nor France was then skilled in textile weaving. The velvet is almost completely covered with the decorative design which portrays Saint John the Evangelist, Saint John the Baptist, Saint Peter, Saint Andrew, Saint James the Great and in three beautifully grouped "histories" Christ and the Virgin Enthroned, the Adoration of the Magi and the Annunciation, each within arcades of twined oak branches. The gold that appears to be on its surface in a solid mass is worked into the fabric with a stitch which the French call "le point couche rentré ou retiré"—a technique discontinued toward the close of the fourteenth century.

How a metal thread could be drawn through the surface of fine silk velvet at repeated points no greater distance apart than a quarter of an inch without utterly destroying the fabric is inconceivable to this machine age. The embroidery needle must have been strong enough to carry the silk thread through two thicknesses of cloth—the thin canvas that covers the pile beneath the embroidery and the closely woven body of the velvet itself—and at the same time fine enough to model the subtle features of the figures in a split stitch of hair-like delicacy. In fact the gold thread is a silk thread wound with narrow strips of burnished metal that under the Museum laboratory acid test proved to be tin coated with gold after the manner of the ancient embroideries presented by M. de Rothschild to the Musé de Cluny. English craftsmen employed tin rather than silver because of its greater malleability and the abundant tin supply of the Cornish mines.

The chasuble at some period in its history was "operated upon." Its original Gothic bell-shape was abandoned for the present more practical form with open sides that gave greater freedom to the arms of the officiating priest. The alteration was not achieved without mutilation. The figures of Saint John the Evangelist and Saint John the Baptist, for instance, at the sides of the neck-band were cruelly damaged. The heads of these saints are now preserved in a maniple and stole fashioned out of fragments of the original vestment and they are included with the chasuble in the Museum possession.

The coarse loose stitching in some details of the chasuble—notably the crescent and stars, the floral vase in the Annunciation, the leopard heads and the acorns—were accounted for when Curator Morris detached the lining to see how the gold thread was manipulated. Under the gilt binding of a shoulder seam snuggled an acorn retaining its original seed pearls—forty-one in number!

"Opus anglicanum," as previously stated, was once synonymous with "broderie de perles." Listed in the treasury of the Holy See, 1295, there were only three of its twenty-one vestments adorned with pearls.

The chasuble is credited to lay workers, whose marvelous intricacy of technique suggests generations of inherited skill. The names and wages of not a few are preserved. The supremacy of English embroidery was due not only to this native skill but to a royal purse responsive to an age demanding of chivalrous knighthood sumptuous habiliments and of Church dignitaries magnificent vestments.

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LUISE HENSEL

By J. CONRAD PLUMPE

LUISE HENSEL, convert and poetess, the fifty-first anniversary of whose death occurred last month, was born in March, 1798, at Linum, a village in the Mark of Brandenburg, Germany. She was the daughter of a Lutheran parson and sister to Wilhelm Hensel, the distinguished historical painter. Luise was not yet in her teens when her devout parents became aware of her "Catholic ideas." A little later, during her attendance at religious instructions in the Berlin Elisabethschule, doctrinal doubts induced her to submit to the Lutheran act of confirmation conditionally only. Her famous compact with God, providing a recognition of Christianity in general in the absence of a settled conviction as to the orthodoxy of any one creed, shows the remarkable struggle for religious truth the earnest girl of fourteen was undergoing.

Three years later in 1816 she chanced to meet the poet Klemens Maria Brentano in the literary circle of a certain Stegemann in Berlin. At heart she was already Catholic, more Catholic, in truth, than Brentano. In vain had she rummaged through Berlin book-shops in search of literature expounding Catholic doctrine. As yet her shyness had kept her from approaching a Catholic priest, but she was confident of learning from Brentano. However the Catholic poet's valuable library did not contain as much as a catechism of the Faith.

Brentano, the somber and completely unhappy nephew of Sophie de la Roche, was sympathetically impressed with the truth-seeking earnestness of the girl poet. The workings of divine grace assumed aspects that seem almost paradoxical: she, the minister's daughter, was to lead the Catholic man of genius back into the true fold. Early in 1817 Brentano found peace of soul in the confessional. The protean cast of his mind, so characteristic of the "Storm and Stress" period in which he flourished as one of Germany's foremost romanticists, was dissolved in the fervor of a permanent conversion. Wherever you find mention of Brentano, you will invariably associate with him Luise—his "angel in the wilderness."

The grace of conversion was given the poetess in 1818. Her diary reveals fascinating monologues bearing on her final misgivings. Two years later she was admitted to the vow of perpetual virginity. Her life after the final step had been taken has been called appositely a continuous journey. A half-dozen years she served as companion and governess in families of nobility. In 1824 she met Apollonia Diepenbrock and with her had charge of a hospital in Coblenz. Then followed six laborious years in the capacity of head teacher at a boarding-school for girls at Aix-la-Chapelle. Bad health took her home, where she subsequently nursed her mother till the latter's death, in 1835. Another circuit of educational activity followed, and finally she made her home at Paderborn in the convent of the Sisters of Christian Charity, whose foundress, Pauline v. Mallinckrodt, had been one of her pupils. There she died December 18, 1876.

An outstanding feature in Luise Hensel's life was her intimate friendship with the ecstatic and stigmatic Anne Catherine Emmerick of Duelmen, Westphalia. God alone knows the sum of blessings issuing from the influence this Augustinian nun, the "pious Beguine," as she was called, exerted upon the accomplished new member of the fold. And again Luise became Brentano's guiding star—to the bedside of the suffering Emmerick. His six years at Duelmen were to complete his spiritual restoration and make him the recorder of Anne Catherine's visions and revelations. (The trustworthiness of Brentano's depositions has been seriously questioned by Huempfner since 1923.) It was the youthful poetess who in a great measure sweetened the cup of bitterness proffered the saintly nun by bigoted medical and civil commissions. And when in 1824 the "pious Beguine" had ceased to suffer, the "angel in the wilderness" was the first to behold the perfectly preserved body when it was disinterred thirty-eight days after its soul had flown.

Luise Hensel occupies a place of decided distinction in the long roster of German poets. She helped to bring to a close the age of German romanticism hopelessly lingering on in the form of extravagant fantasy. Her poetry, scattered here and there in her diary, consists chiefly of religious hymns, undoubtedly the most charming since the flowering of the religious and patriotic folksong in the days of Novalis and Schenkendorf. Norrenberg classes her with the "cloistered nightingales of the middle-ages." A childlike simplicity coupled with depth of feeling pervades everything she wrote. She never grows sentimental. Her position in the field of religious poetry is quite as secure as is Uhland's in the field of secular minstrelsy, while we may perhaps best compare her lyrics with those of Eichendorff, her popular contemporary.

Luise was extremely modest whenever she was asked to give to the world what her spark of genius had kindled. Not till Bishop Conrad Martin of Paderborn had imposed it on her as a duty did she consent to an edition of her poems by C. Schlueter.

Her verse is generally divided into the poems of a general tenor, the ten lyrics inscribed Sulamith, and the lyrics extolling the Christchild (Krippenlieder) the Eucharist and the Mother of God. In Sulamith she has created a striking ideal of noblest womanhood. She runs to tell us that she has found a Lover, a perfect Lover, not of this world—and she loves Him. Like the allegorical Sulamitess of the Canticle of Canticles, she has found a Spouse, a Son of Royalty, and she yearns to be united with Him. Her poetry constantly harks back to the story of the Redemption. She leads us (and we are eager to follow) to Bethlehem's Crib, the Cross, the Holy Sepulchre on Easter Morning. Every one of her Eucharistic hymns is a gem of rare mystic beauty. One reads her My Emmaus till every line of it has become one's own.

Mary, Mother of the Saviour, was Luise's mother and confidante in bright and dark days many years before her conversion. Somebody has happily called her Marian lyrics "innig-sinnig," which may be approximately rendered as "full of feeling and thought." She accompanies Mary on the Visitation, and moves with her to Calvary, there to give way to her sense of shame and remorse; but she finds comfort in a prayerful poem to her Consolatrix Afflictorum.

A theme often recurring in her poetry runs parallel with the famous sentence of Saint Augustine in the Confessions, "Too late have I loved Thee, O beauty so ancient, and so new! too late have I loved Thee." Witness the initial quatrain from her Ever—Never,

> "Ever will I say with bitter tears,
> Jesus mine, that I offended Thee.
> Never will I rue enough these years
> That I lovèd Thee so tardily."

Reinkens, the excommunicated Old Catholic bishop, seized upon this poetic vein and certain portions of her diary to write a biography representing the poetess as thoroughly unhappy in the fold of Catholicism. This artifice and his surrepti-

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tious and mean-spirited methods were soon completely unmasked by such able biographers as Bartscher and Binder. Her religious life as a convert was not steeped in a maze of anguished doubts and errings; quite the contrary.

In Catholic as well as Protestant Germany Luise Hensel is a favorite lyrist. Catholic and non-Catholic historians of literature alike are unstinting in their praise. She has spoken to the heart of the people. She has given them that truly vital poetry, of which Barthel has well said: "In our lyric of today there is no expression of childlike purity, humility and submission to God more fully adequate than is to be found in her poetry."

Brentano and Luise Hensel may be considered as the inaugurators of a magnificent modern Catholic literature in Germany. The number of Catholic women of letters offers a surprising review. The writer has found that out of a list of eighty-one women members of the genus vatum, thirty-four are Catholics. Would that we could point to such an array!

COMMUNICATIONS

PROHIBITION AND POLITICS

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—In a communication to the issue of November 9, The Commonweal incorrectly quoted the closing remark, thereby causing a reversal of the thought which I expressed. My remark was: "When we consider the length of time in which alcohol reigned, the change in general conditions for the better would seem phenomenal." The Commonweal quoted as follows: "When we consider the length of time alcohol reigned, a change in general for the better, as early as this, would seem phenomenal."

If any ambiguity was seen in the original expression as I used it, allow me to say I am convinced that prohibition has brought about a remarkable improvement in present social conditions as compared with the social conditions that existed prior to the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment. I have never looked for perfection in the smooth working out of any law, much less of a law like prohibition. The social cost of alcoholic drinking is naturally affected by the amount of the consumption of beverages containing alcohol. I certainly believe that the large consumption of alcoholic beverages has been very materially decreased by prohibition. Personal observations made before and since prohibition enactment, rather than questionable and contradictory statistics on the subject, have convinced me of the reality of improved conditions.

But it seems timely to deplore that considerations other than those that properly bear on the question have seeped into the whole discussion of liquor. In a political question such as the proper control of alcoholic drink, there is room for wide variance of opinion. Naturally, in any accepted solution, some are going to be bound by the opinion of others. One may occasionally find an exception, but in general Catholics may be relied upon to respect not only each others' differences but the mandates of their nation as well.

The right to discuss freely is always reserved. There is much to recommend in open discussion of the alcoholic question where personalities are forgotten and where fundamental considerations are not sacrificed; such as the right of a Catholic to accept what he feels is the best solution of a difficult question. Then there is that prime consideration which is the key to any solution of the problem—respect for law.

CHARLES J. BYRNES.

THE SCIENTIST AND CHARACTER

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—A short time ago I happened to read an article in a legal newspaper on the value of character, written by a D.D. He stated how important character is to the lawyer and incidentally mentioned also its importance to the physician and to the minister.

What is the effect of the scientist's training on his character? He does his work in a quiet way and it is vast and far-reaching in effects, yet the work is so fundamental that people ordinarily do not associate the improvement of objective realities and the service of the scientist. By character is meant the sum total of traits either acquired or inherent which tend to make a man what he is. Of his inherent traits he has all the attributes of the human being, viz., intellect and the will and the passions. His acquired traits which tend to influence these attributes either for good or for bad are important considerations.

A popular stage conception of the scientist is one which sees a myopic, megalocephalic and spineless creature walking around, with a tome of Einstein's Relativity under one arm and a tome of Planck's Quanta under the other, in a microcosm of his own. He is quite segregated from the rest of us, the "genus hominum," and is perpetually engaged in some "ultra" mathematical or experimental work on some great discovery. Such an impression, fortunately, is being dissipated because of our scientific societies using those great weapons for overcoming ignorance—the magazine and newspaper.

The scientist does his work well and silently and many are the unsung heroes of the laboratory. He performs his work by using his imagination and cool, calculating reasoning power characteristic of his profession. Imagination he uses because he hopes and strives for certain ideals which may be of some value to us, and he is cool and calculating because he strives for truth in a most vigorous and objective way. The training he has received in the method of reasoning taken from philosophy and applied to science gives him a proper insight into mental rectitude and consequently good moral tone. His spirit of service is based upon some wholesome thought of alleviating suffering or toil in this vale of tears. The results he has arrived at in many cases play an important rôle in progress and civilization.

Veritably he has the "simplicity to wonder, the ability to question, the power to generalize, the capacity to apply," and the humility to appreciate God's wonders.

Yes, we still have unsung Pasteurs today who are endowed with character and an essential part of it, viz., humility, whom we can safely relegate to science's roll of saints. "Sic itur ad astra per scientiam."

J. F. PADULA.

EARLY AMERICAN CATHOLICS

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Father Paul Blakely, S. J., in an able review of the Reverend Peter Guilday's Life and Times of John England, First Bishop of Charleston (Thought, December, 1927) quotes as follows from a letter from Bishop England to Judge Gaston, in 1826: "I love your countrymen more [writes the Bishop from Cork] as I know them better. They are a well-disposed, religiously inclined people; there is but one true Church and that is the Roman Catholic; but how can they believe without evidence? . . . They have never received it. They must be instructed, not abused. They

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must be expostulated with, not quarreled with. They are not obstinate heretics . . . they are an inquiring, thinking, reasoning, well-disposed, I will add, a pious people . . . and God will bless them and bring them home to truth. Every day I see abundant evidence to support me in this position."

Does it occur to no one of contemporary students of American history that there was an excellent reason for not "quarreling" with this body of American Catholics as has been the consistent practice ever since? Does it interest no one that the nucleus of this body had been abandoned for the best part of a century and a half—and worse than abandoned, submitted in many cases to the tender mercies of priests who had found the discipline of Europe irksome and had come to America to escape restraint? It is quite likely that the Maryland experiment of mutual toleration of conscience between Protestants and Catholics would find no favor with either side in 1634. Both would seem traitors to a cause, and it is conceivable that the failure of the experiment by Puritan violence would leave no regrets anywhere but in its Catholic victims, in spite of the fact that they planted the seed which made it possible for later arrivals from Europe to live in liberty and peace. Father Blakely quotes the Vatican authorities upon conditions in the United States "ove la religione è libera." Who made it so but these men and women who "have never received Catholic evidence"; who "are not obstinate heretics"? American Church history, American national history, are not fairly written till these people shall have been given their proper place, in spite of the fact that a century of "quarreling with them" and over them by later comers has caused such heavy losses among them.

Americans will be grateful to Dr. Guilday and to Father Blakely for having opened the subject as historians rather than in the partisan spirit so irritating to them who believe in "but one true Church and that the Roman Catholic"—not a nationalist church of any kind.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

FOR AUTOMOBILE PATROLS

Somerville, Mass.

TO the Editor:—It is not in a spirit of criticism that the following suggestion is offered, but rather that the safety of the community may enjoy a more favorable opportunity of realization.

If provision were made by cities, towns or communities to appropriate a specified amount for an inexpensive type of automobile that could be utilized for the purpose of regularly patrolling a route in the outlying districts or isolated residential sections, in addition to interior routes of the business district (if it is found efficacious) this, together with the service rendered by regularly appointed patrolmen, would lessen crime appreciably.

It is true that special investigations are conducted by the use of automobiles. But I am of the opinion that if the routes described above were created, they would have a tendency to minimize or prevent fires, accidents, holdups, burglary, etc., while their economy of operation would be apparent in the necessity of increasing force but moderately.

The police generally are performing a meritorious service in our civic life, but it is too much to expect that in the territory they are necessarily obliged to cover, prevention of crime could be entirely ensured. I feel sure that the results of the plan outlined here would be noticeably apparent.

WILLIAM H. BASTION.

GOVERNOR SMITH AND DIXIE

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor:—Mr. John C. O'Connell in his article on Governor Smith and Dixie quotes some figures on the vote case for the "stool-pigeon" ticket of Palmer and Buckner in 1895.

Everyone who knows anything about that race knows that it never was intended that the voters should support that ticket. That nomination was made primarily for the purpose of holding the Democratic election machinery in the states where it could be controlled, to be used by the Republicans.

For instance in this city (Louisville) with about 160 election precincts, with four election officers to the precinct, the Bryan Democrats had just twenty-four of the election officers, and they counted a majority of 12,000 for McKinley.

The actual vote for Palmer and Buckner was not counted for them. Kentucky in that year cast twelve of her thirteen electoral votes for McKinley.

A better illustration would be the La Follette vote in 1924. Add Maryland to that list of southern states as it is as much a southern state as Kentucky, having a larger proportion of the Negro race, and you will find that more than 187,000 cast their votes for this man, who represented nothing but a name, as against the 33,000 votes which were cast for the Palmer and Buckner ticket.

GEORGE ALEXANDER.

HOW PROTESTANTS SEE US

Corfu, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The request of the distinguished president of Brown University for an article on How Catholics See Protestants ought to be easily granted. I am of the opinion that Catholics, generally, look upon their Protestant brethren in much the same light, that they (Catholics) view themselves. Apart from living up to the regulation which forbids Catholics actively to participate in (what they consider false) worship, and from entertaining a genuine regret that Protestants do not share in the blessings of the true Faith, Catholics, for the most part, take men as they find them. The fears and prejudices and inhibitions shown by the Fairfield experiment to be resident in the minds of Protestants are happily absent from the vast number of Catholics with whom I have come into contact.

REV. HENRY B. SHAW.

RECREATION FOR THE AFFLICTED

Denton, Texas.

TO the Editor:—Mr. William H. Bastion of Somerville, Massachusetts, had a letter in The Commonweal headed Recreation for the Afflicted which all kind-hearted persons must approve of. Did not Christ, in preference to all others, seek those who were afflicted? In these days of speed and a hurly-burly mode of living, the shut-ins, the blind, the crippled, the prisoners, the aged, and those who spend their last days on the poor farms are neglected and forgotten. Oh, how they would appreciate a visit, some literature, the radio, and some clean movies! May The Commonweal continue to discuss this subject! Those who are most in need of recreation are the ones who receive the least. Thanks to Mr. William H. Bastion for bringing this crying need to the attention of the public.

REV. RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

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POEMS

My Mother's Dress

My mother's dress was black silk,
It almost stood alone.
It had a crazy bustle
And a bodice of feather bone.

It had a hundred ruffles
And at the waistline set
A dozen rows of tucking
That draped the heavy net.

She hid it in the dresser
For fear of looking back,
For she once glimpsed the future
In a wedding-gown of black.

My mother's dress was black silk—
The wedding gown she wore.
I wonder how she knew of tears
So many years before.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

Drifted Lane

After the last bright wings had lifted,
After the cobwebs sagged in rain,
Whispers of flame ran there, and drifted
Colors of leaves were down the lane.

Only an old house came from hiding,
Peering down with its windows blurred,
Hearing once more a ghostly riding
Under the bare boughs winds had stirred.

Faded soon was the glow, and frosted
Patterns covered the vanquished flame . . .
Only the passing wind accosted
Something waiting where no one came.

Trackless now is the deep snow, drifting,
Filling the lane, to a snow-sealed door . . .
Never the sound of cold hands lifting
The latch any more!

GLENN WARD DRESBACH.

Midwinter Walk

A diamond was the brilliant afternoon,
The blue-white sky, flawed with a flake of moon;
Four o'clock sunlight fell like frost of gold
Where the long winter grass lay bright and cold;
The lake had glittering waves as sharp as steel—
A duck cut smoothly on an unseen keel;
The pointed air blew rigid whiff on whiff—
A white carnation, frilled and freshly stiff.

I sang with every brittle twig,
I spun the dry leaves' whirligig;
Across the cold slant of the sun
I let unbridled pulses run;
Against the winter's stern indictment,
I burned a fire of excitement.

MAY LEWIS.

As Once in Bethlehem

The kings had gone, having knelt before the Heir
Of heaven's glory; and now in narrow place
The Infant lay, with none to do Him grace
Save Joseph and His mother, bowed in prayer.
These were His courtiers, this His court—most bare
Of all right homage from a blinded race
Who daily passed, nor paused a moment's space
To greet their King. They knew not He was there.

Oh, eyes thrice sealed and feet on the hurrying road,
Still doth He dwell amongst us, and still ye pass,
Unseeing and unheeding. No diadem
Of visible gold nor horns of singing brass,
But lowliness and this most strait abode
Proclaim heaven's King, as once in Bethlehem.

JOHN BUNKER.

Music

It is as when God pauses by thy side,
His living fingers blessing all the world,
His marching splendor swelling like the tide
Boldly returning, when the sails are furled.

Or like a visitation of the kings
And princes of all ancient, purple realms,
Anciently gracious and desirable;
Or of the images of childhood elms:
Yea, like a thronging of long-searched-for things
Into life's foreground, making all things well . . .
It is a sweet and sudden taking wings,
The joyous binding of a blessed spell.

VAUGHN FRANCIS MEISLING.

A Picture by Veneziano

Round Mary's throne on every hand
Adoring saints and martyrs stand;
With lifted eye, enraptured face,
Each keeps his high appointed place,
Each wears his halo as he should
On bishop's hat or monkish hood.

But one, a lovely virgin creature,
With saintly grace in every feature,
With eyes, too fair to see, cast down,
Wears, peeping from her modest gown
Among the pious greens and blues,
A tiny pair of scarlet shoes.

CAROL RYRIE BRINK.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Death of Danton

THE third production of Max Reinhardt's New York season is The Death of Danton as written by George Büchner—a play which has been one of the standard tragedies in Germany for many years past. In many respects this is by far the finest contribution Mr. Reinhardt has yet made to the New York stage. It has serious defects as a play, being in episodic form and rather disjointed. But many of its scenes partake of the nature of a pageant in which Mr. Reinhardt has brought to intense vividness the blazing horror of the French Revolution at its moment of high struggle between Danton and Robespierre.

I have referred before this to Mr. Reinhardt's incurable tendency toward showmanship. He is still a showman in The Death of Danton. But here we have material which demands showmanship for its very life. I doubt if any stage in this country has ever witnessed anything so impressive, so moving or so filled with magnificent vitality as the scene in the Convention during the trial of Danton. As you look at the stage you see the figures of the onlookers rising in tier after tier into an infinity of darkness, while standing on the platform Danton, Desmoulins, Lacroix and Herault face their accusers. This is the moment where Desmoulins, whose fiery words first set off the powder train of the Revolution, loses courage and Danton steps forward to win back the mob by the sheer splendor of his personal power. When St. Just accuses him of having betrayed the Revolution, Danton suddenly bursts into Homeric laughter. "Betray the Revolution—indeed! I am the Revolution!" shouts Danton, and the mob, caught by the infection of his laughter, joins with him till the clamor rises to a point of wild hysteria. Then it dies down—not at once, but in slow, rhythmic stages with occasional spotted outbreaks. No such spirit of the masses has ever been brought to life before. This scene is something to witness and to remember, dominated as it is by Paul Hartmann's superb impersonation of Danton.

There are other scenes fraught with the same understanding of the terror that stalks among men when reason gives way to passion, and men begin to worship reason only because they have lost it. It is opportunities like this which display Mr. Reinhardt's compelling genius and which put him before us not merely as a showman but as a master of illusion.

The play itself, however, does not sustain the pitch of its greatest scenes. It has the one fatal defect of dividing the interest of the audience between the struggle of Danton and Robespierre on the one hand, and the love of Desmoulins and Lucile on the other. In fact the play closes with Lucile, out of her mind, wandering around the foot of the guillotine where her loved one has been killed. As presented, this seems to have little or no connection with the central struggle of the piece. How much better it would have been to let the play end with the scene of the tumbrils drawing Danton and his friends across the sunset, followed by the mob!

Two of Mr. Reinhardt's actors emerge from this spectacle with amazing clarity. Paul Hartmann, whose best work has been held in reserve to allow Moissi the initial opportunity, proves to be an actor not only of robust powers but of fine artistic poise and reserve. One hardly suspects from his early scenes the terrific energy which he summons at the moment of the trial. Sokoloff, first seen as Puck in A Midsummer Night's Dream, gives an example of his amazing versatility by a cold, incisive and almost stylized presentation of Robespierre. There are moments when he seems to be passing almost to the line of caricature, but his portrait of an essentially dull man is never in itself dull, and at moments it is fired by an intellectual intensity almost as effective as the sweeping passion of Danton himself. One other performance deserves special mention—that of Arnold Korff as the oily, humorous and sardonic St. Just. This production is something which no lover of the theatre can afford to miss. (At the Century Theatre.)

The Love Nest

THE reorganized Neighborhood Players have made a fresh start after the doubtful work of presenting Dunsany's If, by bringing to Broadway a new play by Robert Sherwood, author of The Road to Rome and editor of Life. The Love Nest is based on a story of the same name by Ring Lardner, and concerns many of the back-stage happenings in Hollywood. More directly, it is the story of the pseudo-domestic happiness of a famous movie director and his wife—a happiness staged only for public consumption, behind which lies a small world of misery and pain, at least on the wife's part. This story is told as a comedy, and so is given a benighted comedy turn at the end, when the wife departs for New York with her three children, the nurse and the English butler she has decided to marry as soon as she can divorce her husband. This bit of trash is so lamentably weak both in idea and dramatically that it almost completely destroys the illusion strongly built up by the second act. It is all of a piece with the atrocious taste exhibited in making the discussion of a statue of the Blessed Virgin a thrice-repeated comedy point.

June Walker, as a guest artist with the repertory company, carries the heaviest burden of the play, and carries it lightly and well. There is real tragedy lurking in her second-act explosion, when she reveals the true state of affairs to a visiting movie critic. Clyde Fillmore, as her inflated husband, is duly pompous and impossible, but hardly subtle in his method of conveying the fact. One Geraldine Wall as a movie "extra" does almost as well in her small part as anyone in the cast. For the rest, we have the regular Neighborhood group showing a constantly increasing versatility somewhat handicapped by confused direction on the part of Agnes Morgan. Someone in authority should have decided whether the play was to be farce or comedy—a play of character or of caricature. Now it is both, with Albert Carroll much more straightforward than usual in a modern part, with both Paula Trueman and Marc Loebell satirical in method, and excellently so, and with C. G. Thorpe, a newcomer, wisely serious as the all-important butler. This is the kind of play some will call sophisticated, but aside from the main idea in the crisis of the second act, it seems to be a very trite comment on the movie industry. After all, is it not a bit moronic to be forever picking on the moronic exuberance of the movies? In other words, is it possible that a moronic eye is the first to see morons on every tree? The trouble is that it is so easy, even for professed "sophisticates," to be morons without suspecting it. Witness that third act! (At the Comedy Theatre.)

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Juno and the Paycock

ONCE more this play by the talented Sean O'Casey comes to Broadway, this time under the wing of the Irish Players. What the present production gains in the acting of individual parts it loses in staging—a sad fact which must be stated bluntly and at once in all fairness to the fond if irregular handling this play received some two years ago from Augustin Duncan's players when they presented it at the little Mayfair Theatre.

There is no question that Arthur Sinclair, Sara Allgood and Maire O'Neill play with splendid gusto, and perhaps with a more immediate and homogeneous characterization than their predecessors. Certainly the performance of Sydney Morgan as the hapless "Joxer" Daly is a rare and almost poignant masterpiece. But Augustin Duncan did manage, through careful stage effects, to tie in the two elements of the story—the pitiful comedy of the Boyle family and the background of civil dissension and hovering tragedy—in such a manner that the play gathered unity and strength. And it is just here that the present Irish Players fall down. The two elements never meet. They give the feeling of being unrelated.

In general, Juno and the Paycock cannot approach the sweep and power of The Plough and the Stars. The one is a comedy of tenement life with a gratuitously tragic end. The other held the quivering flesh and bone and the blood of a tortured race. Between them lies the gulf that separates clever aptitude from greatness. They are both rich in character and biting humor. But The Plough and the Stars caught, as well, the swift frenzy of a genuine creative passion. (At the Gallo Theatre.)

Trigger

ONE might say, in a very captious mood, that Trigger, now playing at the Little Theatre, is no more than another presentation of Claiborne Foster in a Cinderella rôle. But Lula Vollmer, author of Sun Up, has written a play that goes much deeper than the Cinderella theme, and Claiborne Foster gives a performance that can be matched, in another field, only by the best work of Helen Hayes. So, barring a few overdone sentimentalities and a few trite situations, Trigger emerges as distinctly worth while—with an authentic feeling of the Carolina mountains, and an astonishingly successful portrayal of simple religious faith in an ignorant and impetuous girl.

Trigger is the daughter of a drunken and no-account mountaineer near the site of a dam being constructed by engineers from the North. She is suspected by her neighbors of being a witch because of the power of healing which she seems to possess. Her conception of prayer is very simple. She just talks to God as she might to a friend, and believes utterly in His power to do what she asks, provided she asks it unselfishly. There is none of the pretense of piety about her. No cant. And she is as wild and harum-scarum withal as the surrounding woods and mountains. There are rich possibilities in the character, and Claiborne Foster plays them to the hilt, but always with an artistry that saves them from becoming the least bit maudlin, and with a curious little dignity and sharply incised outlines. It is a peculiarly difficult part precisely because it offers so many temptations to overacting and so many chances to become ridiculous. The supporting cast is exceptionally good—particularly Minor Watson as the engineer and Sara Haden in the trying rôle of a half-witted girl. (At the Little Theatre.)

BOOKS

Strangers in the Gate

Immigration Restriction, by Roy L. Garris. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

THIS book contains a great deal of useful information arranged in convenient form. The first two chapters present a history of immigration regulation from colonial times until the year 1882. The third chapter describes the power of Congress over immigration. The fourth and fifth carry forward the historical narrative to the year 1921. Then follow three chapters on the quota legislation which began in 1921 and is in force at present. The two last chapters deal with Chinese and Japanese immigration. The various immigration laws and their operation are fully described, together with the main reasons for the different laws and policies adopted since colonial times. There is a great deal of important statistical material. The present law, that of 1924, is carefully analyzed and all its important provisions receive due emphasis.

It seems that the author of this book, who is associate professor of economics at Vanderbilt University, was the first to suggest the change in the basis of the quota arrangement from the census of 1910 to that of 1890. According to the law of 1921, each European country was permitted to send to the United States in any one year 3 percent of the number of its natives recorded in the census of 1910. The law of 1924 reduced the percentage from 3 to 2 and applied it to the number of foreign-born of the various countries who were in the United States in 1890. The most significant effect of this change and, indeed, its specific object, was to increase the number of immigrants admissable from northern and western Europe and to decrease the number that might come from eastern and southern Europe. According to the author, the former immigrant groups, known as the "old" immigrants, "were predominantly Anglo-Saxon-Germanic in blood and Protestant in religion." He proceeds to tell us that "the English, Dutch, Swedes, German and even the Scotch-Irish who constituted practically the entire immigration prior to 1890, were less than 2,000 years ago one Germanic race in the forests surrounding the North Sea." This is interesting ethnology and interesting history. At any rate, the old immigrant stock were easily and rapidly assimilated. In this volume, "assimilation" is a blessed word, fairly comparable with "Mesopotamia." Nowhere does the author make any attempt to define this verbal substitute for thinking. But he is quite certain that the new immigrants, namely, those from Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, Greece, Czecho-Slovakia, Italy, Jugo-Slovakia, Poland, Russia, Finland, Spain, Portugal, Roumania and Turkey, are far below the old immigrants in their capacity for assimilation.

What are his proofs? He does indeed present two specific tests, namely that the new immigrants are less literate and less eager to become citizens. However, he adds that a number of authorities on immigration dispute these contentions, and he quotes John P. Gavit, as follows: "If there is any substantial difference in 'quality of assimilation' between the 'old' races and the 'new,' it is in favor of the latter."

Nevertheless there was strong "scientific" evidence presented to Congress against the "assimilability" of the new immigrants. This took the form of conclusions from the army intelligence tests and a study of comparative "social inadequateness" made by Dr. H. H. Laughlin of the American Eugenics Society. Both of these arguments have been severely criticized by competent scholars. Unfortunately the limits of this review do not

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permit an exhaustive analysis of either the conclusions drawn from the army tests or Dr. Laughlin's table of social inadequateness. The latter is probably one of the most amazing and superficial productions ever given out under the name of science. This is the same Dr. Laughlin whose activities have been responsible for a good deal of the atrocious state legislation for the sterilization of the feeble-minded and other "social inadequates." Nevertheless we are informed by the author that the army tests and the table had very great influence in moving Congress to adopt the census of 1890 as a quota basis, in order to reduce radically the number of immigrants from eastern and southern Europe. Great is the power of pseudo-science with men who have not the time—nor, perhaps, the ability—to distinguish it from the genuine article.

The author is at great pains to show his readers that the relative "assimilability" of the newer immigrants does not imply inferiority of any sort but rather a temporary incapacity due to unfavorable economic and cultural conditions in their home countries. He rests the case for reduction in their numbers upon the proposition that they have been coming in too fast. This view does not seem to be without merit when we reflect that between 1882 and 1914 the total new immigration was almost twelve millions, while the total old immigration was about seven and a half millions. On the other hand, with the reduction of the percentage from 3 to 2, the total number of new immigrants admissable on the basis of the 1910 census would not have created a grave social or political problem. The number of new immigrants that could have come in annually on the 1910 basis would have exceeded their present numbers by approximately 90,000. That would have meant an addition of about 45 percent to the whole number now admissable on the quota basis, and about 22 percent more than the total number of immigrants actually admitted in the fiscal year of 1926.

Perhaps the most unfavorable criticism that can be passed upon the volume is that the foreword is written by that rather pronounced 100 percent American and anti-alien fanatic, the Honorable Albert Johnson, Chairman of the House's Committee on Immigration and Naturalization.

JOHN A. RYAN.

Captains Courageous

The Book of the Gloucester Fisherman, by James B. Connolly. New York: The John Day Company. $5.00.

THE Gloucester fishing fleet is New England's Odysseus and Jim Connolly is its Homer; or, since he writes in lucid and humorous prose, shall I say its Herodotus?

On other occasions he has penned romantic fiction of the fishermen. He now writes their history. Believe it or not, the fact is more stirring than the fiction. He has taken the fleet just at the ebb turn of the tide, when the gasoline and oil engine has begun to smudge and blight the great grey flowers of the schooners' sails which were always blossoming somewhere on the sea horizons of New England's and Nova Scotia's coastal waters. What singular fatality was it which ordained the advent of steam navigation within a decade of the time when the clipper ship had been wrought to the estate of a fine art form, the summit, perhaps, of the sailing ships of all ages? And now, after two centuries of development, when the Gloucester fishing schooner is a work of utility and fine art second only to the clipper, by what repetition of this grisly mischance does machinery begin elbowing it to the junk-yard? Must machinery be foe to all beautiful things?

Let us be grateful to Mr. Connolly for rescuing so much from the oblivion of the deep sea and a machine-made grave. His is spirited writing. In one's ears sounds the hiss of foam, the swash of the bow wave folding astern, the creak of cordage, the slatting of canvas, the raucous shouts of hoarse voices bawling orders across a squall-swept deck. And who are these figures in oilskins, sea boots and sou'westers? They are mostly still living men, but men already becoming figures of history and legend: men so engrossed in their calling, so disciplined by its hardships that they meet the admiration of wondering landsmen with an unconscious disdain.

When the Boston fish pier was still at T wharf, at the foot of State Street, you could, in five minutes, walk from the Stock Exchange to the decks of these vessels. That walk was a step from a world of commerce to a Homeric survival of a heroic age. On the floor of the Stock Exchange or in the offices of these city buildings would be educated men scheming to outwit one another: men whose bodies were soft and whose hearts were hard. On the decks of those schooners moved men who battled with the elements to wrest a living from the sea. They were schooled by danger to a rugged simplicity of speech and conduct. They had a dignity and a grandeur which made you think of Plutarch's pages. That such men should be existent at all in an age of triumphant commerce constituted, for a certain order of souls, what is, I believe, termed by Catholics "a treasury of grace." In a world of dog eat dog, a world of big business, of graft and grab, the mere knowledge that such men lived and worked, suffered from cold and hunger, faced death in the earning of their daily bread, and took all this quite as a matter of course, was like a cleansing sea wind which blew through the miasma of that city jungle. These men were still facing the primitive strains of existence, and all so simply! Pride of profession they had; but almost alone, seemingly, of people in our modern world, they were proof against the power of publicity to spoil them. Why? Because they lived habitually at grapple with the grimmest of realities.

In those years I remember the son of a Boston stock-broker, himself employed in a bank, who used to spend fifty-five minutes of his lunch hour on T wharf with the fishermen in order to forget the world he lived in for the rest of his working day. It was he who said: "The lines in the faces of business men are around their eyes. But the lines on fishermen's faces are around their mouths." It was not many years before he, too, guided by his admirations, adopted a profession which relaxed his eyes to candor and stiffened his mouth to endurance.

Time after time, artists and journalists, novelists and dramatists, made voyages with these fishermen, to sketch, to observe, to listen, to note down. Captains and crews treated these passengers with courtesy, and, that done, went about their work paying no more heed to them than a telephone lineman to a bevy of admiring children. Many of the men named in Mr. Connolly's pages have been personally known to me. I like to think of their dignity and of a certain rugged grace they had, of the splendor of their profanity, the thrill of their dash and daring, and the pungency of their humor. I like to think that it was men like these who, a century or more ago, made the grandeur of our rustic republic.

The window beside which I write looks out over the autumn sea. It is on one of these grim, granite headlands of New England which cleave the sounding surges of the North Atlantic. A rainy sou'wester is roaring across Massachusetts Bay, flecking the sea foam-white. But a mile off shore races a fishing schooner from Gloucester, her four lowers set, her

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lee scuppers awash, her long, low, black lines leaping and running fleet and graceful as a stag. She is one whose sails have not yet been cut down, whose engine, if engine she has, is only set turning when the wind flattens. These schooners have been all that was left of the pride and beauty of the sailing ships. One never looked seaward and beheld one of them without thanking God that they were still to be seen. But not long ago I stood on a wharf at Gloucester and looked at the devastation wrought by the gasoline and oil engines. Booms had been cut down; sail areas reduced, bowsprits had been lopped off like the docked tails of horses; little wheel houses had been erected aft—it was a wholesome mutilation, one is tempted to say, uglification.

Yes, let us be grateful to Mr. Connelly who, with a pen at once subtle and direct, has sketched these rugged faces which look out from under the dripping brims of their sou'westers. He writes of them as an old friend, with frankness and discretion, with humor and with fire, and I will permit myself to suspect that he has written a volume of New England maritime history. For a day will come when, sitting beside a seaward window when an autumn gale comes breezing across the bay, one will look for the weatherbeaten sails and black hulls of a Gloucester schooner leaping to the billows and flinging spray high off her streaming bows, but see only the illimitable vacancies of a wind-rasped ocean.

LUCIEN PRICE.

The Day-Trip to Disbelief

Transition: A Sentimental Story of One Mind and One Era, by Will Durant. New York: Simon and Schuster. $3.00.

"AT BOTTOM I am as romantic and as sentimental as a high-school girl or an old maid. I think I shall never grow up." So writes Will Durant with refreshing frankness in his autobiographical Transition. Dr. Durant anticipates his reader's very natural misgivings. The story of a mind thus characterized by the best authority as school-girlish and immature gives little promise of interest or value. The author therefore makes a bold bid for reflected importance. He explains that "the evolution of a fairly typical rebel" illustrates "the effect of the profound transformation which modern science and research have brought in the faith of the western world."

This claim to be the mirror of his age can hardly be sustained. First of all, to describe facile desertion of the faith of our fathers as "rebellion" is at mildest a picturesque anachronism. Further, the trend of modern science and research, labeled by Dr. Durant in his recent popular handbook as The Revolt from Materialism, is confessedly toward Christianity. Perhaps we are taking this parergon of Will Durant's too seriously. It is, after all, merely the story of a superficial mind, and this talk of "rebels" and "eras" is only part and parcel of a bright journalistic style.

Save for an occasional phrase, the author is unkind to no one in this book except himself, dramatized as the hero under the name of John Lemaire. At eighteen he finds the Origin of Species unintelligible and is made half a sceptic by the table of contents of The Descent of Man; and the job is finished by the very title of Shelley's Essay, The Necessity of Atheism. Such is the flimsy bridge built for the first and greatest "transition" of our hero. Although without faith the young man enters a seminary and prepares for the priesthood, thoughtlessly it would seem, doing outrage to the sanctities cherished by believers and respected by the thoughtful outside the fold. The stealthy reading of Spinoza's Ethics, found by chance in the college library, shakes the youth into some sense of his hypocrisy and dishonor, and he determines to leave the seminary. Dr. Durant follows the popular literary tradition in painting a picture of a Catholic obscurantism dealing in "abominable subtleties" and involving on the part of its adherents "intellectual abdication." The imagination of the reader ignorant of Catholic life readily accepts these dramatic touches that transform John the puzzle-headed, conceited student into John the rebel. The present writer recalls with affection a course of philosophy read under these same Jesuits in a purely lay institution and would like to put on record that when the time came to study Kant, Spinoza, Darwin and the rest, the Opera Omnia of each philosopher and scientist were made available for every student.

Some sense of the ridiculous occasionally tones down the colossal vanity of Lemaire. But it disappears only too frequently, and the reader is invited to contemplate in all seriousness such scenes as that in which the callow Lemaire and the philosopher Spinoza are pictured face to face with the same problems and accepting grimly the same solutions.

Outside his Catholic experiences we find the mentality of Lemaire as shallow as ever. The ranks of anarchy welcomed the full-fledged rebel and John passed "from the quiet conservatism of a Catholic seminary to the turbulent radicalism of the most reckless organization in America." It may prove sobering to recall that John was at this period devoted to Bernarr Macfadden who was "making athletes out of intellectuals." His anarchist associates plot the murder of John D. Rockefeller, and Lemaire is torn between loyalty to his friends and an awakened sense of law and order. Three men meet their death, according to the dramatized version of the affair. The police seemed to consider John's "transition" as a harmless indiscretion and the light-hearted hero "thought it a little foolish but could not long protest. . . . I came now to feel toward anarchism very much as I felt toward Catholicism." He then proceeds to distend still further the already swollen ego with the airy thought that he was once more "caught in the chaos of transition."

A deus ex machina in the shape of a wealthy patron saved John Lemaire from much acquaintance with the hardships of life that might have brought him to maturity. Though nearing his thirties and a reader on the scale of "nine hundred volumes in two years," his patron's gift—a trip to Europe—awakens in him the naïve enthusiasm and sentimentality of the "high-school girl"; with Byron he marvels at the vastness of the ocean and still more at the courage of man who dar to launch "the huge leviathans." We are told with no reticence of a flirtatious outburst with a couple of passing girls on the banks of the Volga. In Paris, the tourist ride through "Paris at night" is our philosopher's deepest experience and makes him "an older and a wiser man, breathless with accelerated education." John, however, has some visitations of modesty for he writes "Although twenty-six . . . I was too immature to know what beauties to seek and too uninformed to understand those that I found." This is an excellent piece of criticism if applied to the whole of Transition. Immaturity and even superficiality we expect to find in children and their presence is often wholly delightful; in a "philosopher" who pretends to a secular and even a cosmic background, their appearance is disconcerting. Deeper feelings are aroused when the shallow John Lemaire is found trampling with characteristic wantonness on holy places.

J. A. MCERLEAN.

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A Harp in the Wind

Beethoven, by Ernest Newman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

THE first and paramount impression received from Mr. Newman's latest volume, subtitled An Essay in Musical Psychology, was the idea of his task: "this idea of Beethoven's mind as a cosmos in itself." By way of prelude, it well illustrates a phase of the position of contemporary criticism, which, confounded by what it likes to term the "problems" of the new music, turns its authority upon the psychology (and, in that light, the music) of earlier composers. Thus did Mr. Newman in his Wagner as Man and Artist; likewise in The Unconscious Beethoven. The value of this type of study to musicians is variable, since its extra-musical nature weakens its interest and invites ambiguity. But one can readily believe that it is avidly received by the legions of music-lovers for whom Beethoven is supreme in eternity, and who never tire of having their master psychologized from yet another position. Verily, perseverance rather than discrimination is the outstanding reward from communion with the Nine Symphonies.

As in the case of Wagner, Mr. Newman has again scored his important contributions in his psychoanalytical moments—broadly speaking. His conception of Beethoven is a very salutary one: The Nine Symphonies have arrived to us freighted with "messages"; let us have done with this "moralic acid," and question this music as to its aesthetic satisfactions only. Such a position would have been blasphemous during the last century, when Beethoven was accepted on faith—plus; for, alone among symphonists, he had established himself as a moralist of no less significance than as a musician. His contemporaries, however, did not learn their Beethoven from such second-hand and unreliable sources as the biographies, from Schindler until Thayer; hence they were unaware of the moral value inherent in the Ninth Symphony—which, to isolate its morality, lay in Schiller's Ode to Joy, which Beethoven used as text for the choral ending. "The biographies," had an inestimable influence with their romantic complexions in ushering Beethoven into supremacy, but they never convinced the Latins of the value of much of this music: Debussy was "astonished that the symphony has not remained buried under the mass of prose it has called forth." Even Verdi considered the choral ending much inferior to the earlier music.

But this is getting back to stale arguments. Why can't it be understood that Beethoven has been a diminishing value as surely, though not as rapidly, as Victorianism? What boots it that thousands still turn out to hear the Ninth in the open? Extravaganza, group impulse, lack of discrimination—how many points are there on which to disqualify this phenomenon? The fact is, this great man is unsympathetic to the current modus vivendi; he celebrates emotions which are no longer in the ascendent, and about which we cannot become intense. And if there is an intelligent interest still in Beethoven's music, it is to be found only in the purely musicianly study of its rhythmic organism as distinguished from its melodic body—and moral affinities. Indeed, Mr. Newman observes this, though only in passing: "Frequently it is a mainly rhythmical shape that is hovering somewhere in the depths of the unconscious in him. He begins by roughing it out as a rhythm, and only after several experiments finds the melodic form that was predestined to give the rhythm flesh and blood."

However, Mr. Newman has a thesis, and thereby hangs his latest volume: "This conception of Beethoven the man as an instrument used by the spirit of music to realize itself through, rather than as a normal being who, during certain intervals in his bodily existence, wrote music, is confirmed when we observe the unconscious workings of his mind." All artists "are more or less unconscious mechanisms," but it seems "the composer is specially given to the unconscious repetition of the same formulae. That these have so far not been noticed is one of the mysteries of music." Thus stated, its equivocal nature is apparent, and its thin substance begot a slender book. Applying his premise, Mr. Newman establishes as the master's most curious and obvious obsession a little figure of three ascending notes in conjunct motion. Sometimes this figure announces a melody, or introduces a climax; occasionally it becomes the climax of the melody itself; almost always it is vital to the moment, hence unchangeable. This idea gave rise to the second half of the book, The Composer, and its nature will sometimes be found too technical for lay readers.

Mr. Newman's style is as usual very clear and very cryptic. If he had forsworn the cleverness of his bile and allowed himself to mellow, he would certainly have attained an even greater stature as a musicologist. He argues in most cogent fashion, with a generous background of knowledge; but he is always the prosecuting attorney.

WALTER V. ANDERSON.

Measuring a Monster

Genghiz Khan: The Emperor of All Men, by Harold Lamb. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.50.

THIS book is quite unique in its description and appreciation of the personality of one of the most mysterious and formidable personages of whom history has kept the record. For the layman the very name of Genghiz Khan savors of horror, and recalls the most terrible slaughter that ever terrified the world.

In his life he was called the Scourge of God. After his death he passed on in the memory of posterity as a sort of legendary monster. A monster he has remained in all the stories that have been written about him and his exploits. And yet Genghiz Khan—who can never be approached or measured by the standards of modern civilization—was not the barbarian he is represented to have been. On the contrary he was a reformer, a legislator, and according to the notions of his times, a humane man. He had the understanding of what the word progress means, and his code of laws, or "Yassa," as it was called, contained very wise decrees. Thanks to him, China and Europe came to be united by a link which in a certain sense has endured to this very day. He it was who for the first time conceived the idea of keeping up communication between his numerous armies by means of a relay of what we would call postmen. Their path was a regular post road, named Yam, which was telegraph, railroad and parcel post all in one. It was entirely controlled by the Mongols, and through it the far East diverted its surplus on this West which it dreamed of conquering. The invasion of Europe by the Mongols, it must never be lost sight of, was not the unpremeditated thing it is supposed to have been. Genghiz Khan did not lead his hordes through the mere impulse to vanquish and to destroy. He had a well-defined political plan. In his way he was a Napoleon, one of those extraordinary beings who become immediately greater than all those surrounding them, who lead their people to victory simply because they do not admit the possibility of a defeat.

To those who fell into his hands he appeared as an incarnation of uncouth and barbaric power. And they had

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good reason to believe this, if one takes into consideration the results of the Mongol drive against all those who stood in his path. Even his own people accepted his victories as a matter predestined from all eternity, while he himself used to say "There is only one sun in the sky, and one strength of Heaven. Only one Kha Khan should be upon the earth." But in reality there was nothing of the fatalist in him. He set about the task of ruling half the world with the same inflexible purpose and patience that he had devoted to tracking down a stray horse in his youth.

Yet in spite of his efforts, the brief and terrible pageant of the Mongol horsemen has passed almost without trace. And it is not the least curious thing about this extraordinary man that while he had brought East and West near to each other as they had never been before he appeared with sword and torch to slay all those who tried to oppose him, yet his works did not survive him. Everything he did, good and bad, lies buried together with his bones in a nameless place in the heart of that mysterious Asia out of which he had come to impose his ferocious personality upon a terrified world. The vast and formidable Mongol empire did not survive its founder, and ended by dissolving into the nomad clans from which it had sprung at his bidding. As for himself, his achievements are recorded for the most part by his enemies, because no Mongol literati of his day had gathered the events of his life into an epic. The only thing which is certain about him is that, in his march forward, he was careful to preserve what he thought might be useful to himself and to his people. The rest was destroyed because he did not know what else to do with it.

It is this side of the character of the great Mongol conqueror that Mr. Lamb in his work has tried to make his readers understand. Every student of history ought to feel grateful to him for his courage in attempting it.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

A Scientist's Holiday

The Shadow Eros, by Henry Chester Tracy. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

HENRY CHESTER TRACY is an ecstatic biologist. The ecstacy illumines nearly every page of The Shadow Eros, but the biology is only to be inferred from the underlying knowledge which is so carefully and so lyrically written over. Who would suspect of being a scientist the man who writes: "The best way of knowing is to lie with arms under head, on such and such a bank, by a stream. Let the eyes, tired of seeing, listen instead. Let the ears make deep pictures of sound. Then in all this eye-music, this beating of imperceptible wings, the river leaves its bed and climbs to its high-water mark in the soul"? The Shadow Eros is a scientific holiday for Mr. Tracy: it is a fairy-tale a joyous toast to nature, and a protest against the mechanization of a city-ridden age.

It is so often the case that a scientist views the whole world in the terms and relations of his own subject that we have come to expect narrowness (whatever the depth) rather than breadth in the writings of men of science. Where this is not the case it is usually because the scientist has had a conception of value in the universe higher than that of scientific specialization. Pascal might be cited as the most glowing example of this type. While the author of The Shadow Eros ranks with Pascal neither as a writer nor as a scientist, he does belong in this same class. What the higher value is for Mr. Tracy may be glimpsed in a sentence from an earlier work of his: "Merely to have a fresh consciousness of the breathing

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world as it is in reality is an accomplishment so great that no technical education can compare with it nor any quantitative achievement compensate for its loss."

There can be no gainsaying the fact that Mr. Tracy has the gift, or gifts, of singing prose and iridescent phrase. These give to the separate "wind-flower" paragraphs more of significance and of beauty than is to be found in the tale as a whole. One such wind-flower called Caution will suggest the tone of the book: "Fey folk have furtive ways, and the way of elves is a law. Things are done in whispers as well as shouts, and there is news in the quiet of the groves, while things wait."

The story of the pilgrimage of the Boy is commonplace enough, even taken symbolically. It is the tale of natural youth, happy in its forest environment, forced by Maids and Names and Duties into the dullness and oppression of cities and trades—and of a final escape. But the Boy's unpossessive attitude toward life, from which he gains his second name, No-Desire, swings out of the usual and into the very heart of Mr. Tracy's philosophy.

Some of the prose poems here linked on so slender a cord of narrative are as lovely as any that have ever been addressed to nature; others are repellantly self-conscious and seemingly forced. The content of the book makes selection desirable—the arrangement makes it possible.

GLADYS GRAHAM.

An Erring Visionary

The Joyous Friar, by A. J. Anderson. New York: Frederic A. Stokes and Company. $3.00.

FRA FILIPPO LIPPI was the Carmelite monk of the fifteenth century who painted such delicately beautiful pictures that a man would forget that he was the father of Filippino Lippi by an Augustinian novice. Mr. A. J. Anderson comes forward as a champion of Fra Filippo. He thinks he has been maligned. Facts have been too easily believed. Facts have been misinterpreted. Mr. Anderson depicts what he thinks to be the true character of Fra Filippo in a novel, The Joyous Friar. The book has at least one special relish: it calls to account the article on Lippi in the Catholic Encyclopedia as being much too severe on this Catholic painter.

The author of this rigorous article is M. Louis Gillet. He may not be in every statement correct, but his general discretion is very much to be admired. I personally like to take his article as an example of the kind of thing which the Catholic Encyclopedia does admirably—the drawing of distinction. It does not write lyrically. Fra Filippo led an ugly life, but painted entrancingly beautiful pictures. So it is acknowledged.

It may be that M. Gillet has represented Fra Filippo's character as more gross than it was. Certainly the popular representation of him as a monk who broke loose from a monastery amid the applause of posterity is utterly false. He worshipped neither his own belly nor his own spirit. He did not set up a new religion, but sinned very grievously in the religion which he had. He was not a hypocrite when he painted spiritual pictures—Mr. Anderson is right in that. He had often been in heaven in imagination, and seen heaven's flowers. But he was certainly topsy-turvy in his morals. Mr. Anderson suggests that after the dispensation which enabled him to marry, he became a model husband and conscientious father. Tell me that he became an ecstatic saint, if you will, but a "respectable citizen"—never.

DANIEL SARGENT.

Briefer Mention

Old Trails and Roads in Penn's Land, by John T. Faris. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Company. $5.00.

DR. FARIS is probably our best author of guides for travelers through America. His books express genuine sympathy with native landscape and history, they are entertainingly written, and they derive from varied sources carefully studied. The present volume deals for the most part with what can be encountered on highways contingent upon Philadelphia. These are old roads which lead to the scenes made historic by Revolutionary and similar occurrences. We are invited to linger over many an ancient tale of love, adventure, courage, patriotic endeavor and human interest. The charm of every new turn in the road is likewise remembered, so that the reader is made to agree with Ruskin that "going by railroad is not traveling at all, it is merely being sent to a place, and very little different from being a parcel." Dr. Faris supplies so much valuable information that his book can be warmly recommended to all who plan a journey through the territory described. Many charming illustrations add to the value of a good and a very interesting book.

Algeria from Within, by R. V. C. Bodley. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $4.00.

AS COMPREHENSIVE books on Algeria of today are few and contradictory, the reader will rejoice in the work of R. V. C. Bodley, a young Englishman, who has jotted down facts for years and noted the life around him without confining himself to one area or one class of people. He makes us familiar not only with the big cities but also with the cultivated plains and the desolation of the desert, mingling his stories from experiences with French diplomats, business men and colonists, and showing the picturesque aspects of Arab life, custom and manners of thought. The book will bring back fragrant memories to all who have visited Algeria; it will explain to them the many puzzling problems of Arab life; and for the intending visitor to North Africa the author's indications and experiences will bring a special help and guidance.

Schleiermacher's Soliloquies, translated by Horace Leland Friess. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. $2.00.

PROFESSOR FRIESS appends to his version of an interesting philosophical classic a sympathetic appreciation of its author. Indeed he may be said to have analyzed Schleiermacher's singular fluidity of mind about as well as anyone could in so brief a space. Unfortunately the Soliloquies themselves are what one desires to get, and these he has translated in a really abominable fashion. It is not easy to render complex modern German into English of character; but Professor Friess has illustrated this philological truth so well that trying to follow him throughout this translated volume is a truly painful experience.

The Wonder-Smith and His Son, by Ella Young. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.00.

THE old stories of the shannachies are retold by Ella Young in a book fantastically illustrated by Artzybasheff. Miss Young has cast them in a readable form that will intensify their startling imagination and curious humor. It is a book for children of tender or mature years, who wish to dream of the misty pagan days of Ireland.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. Lamb.

"Spanish scholars are strange beings, Britannicus," ruminated Doctor Angelicus, drawing his university cloak tightly around his shoulders and feeding the open fireplace with the publicity notes of the poet-publishers and the pink and blue missives from his Christmas admirers.

"It was a strange group of literateurs that inaugurated in New England the movements resulting in the Prescotts, Ticknors and Irvings with their consciousness of the important Spanish antecedents of our America and the neglect in which learning at large had left the imperial 'glory that was Spain.'

"Here is Miss Iris Lilian Whitman resurrecting this old life of Bowdoin and Harvard in her work, Longfellow and Spain (Instituto de las Españas, New York) in which she shows us how, in his relations with Spain and her literature, Longfellow displayed himself most clearly in the spirit of his native New England, with its fine sense of cultural values, its marked prejudices and its lack of Catholicity of judgment as well as religion. Miss Whitman relates that at the age of seventeen he had never been out of Portland nor even visited Boston, and that at eighteen he became acquainted with the works and translations of that great and neglected scholar, Sir William Jones. He was nineteen years of age when he first proposed to his father his desire to see Spain and Italy, and was twenty when he visited the Peninsula.

"It was in the troublous year of 1827 that he first records the wild stories circulating—as usual—in Paris, about Spanish disorders and the dangers and inconveniences of travel. He does not record that he himself encountered any mishaps from the bandits or storms of the country; he mentions the piety of the ragged villagers; the black crosses at the roadside in commemoration of the frequent violent death; his disappointment with the cathedral of Segovia; his delight in the palace of La Granja; and the profound effect of the Mass sung in the church of the Escorial. The bull-fight seems to have interested him and pleased him with an accident happening to a cruel banderillero. After the opera in Madrid, when the tap of a drum and a friar's bell announced the approach of the Sacred Host, brought for some dying person, the music ceasing, while the large audience and the singers fell in silence upon their knees, the young Longfellow wrote to his Portland father that it 'produced the most peculiar sensations in my mind.'

"From Longfellow's Spanish entry in his diary of a journey from Madrid through La Mancha, let us translate one little story:

" 'Once upon a time there was a mendicant friar who took up a place beside the road to beg for alms. Whereupon out stepped a bandit and stripped him of his offerings. The friar begged of him: "My good man, oblige me by taking off my habit and tearing it a bit so that the brothers in the monastery may be convinced that I have really been robbed."

" 'The bandit to oblige the friar, laid down his gun and took off his habit, whereupon the friar sprang upon the robber, knocked him down with a punch in the jaw and took away with him all that the thief possessed.'

"The religion that was so large a part of Spanish life remained in Longfellow's mind something strange and, in spite of the antiquity of local devotions, it somewhat shocked him in its graphic intensities. He seems never to admit edification even before the finest outpourings of the Spanish faith. He has some sense of the Spanish humor. At the gate of the

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Cartuja of Granada the porter told him that 'he had been twenty-nine years in the convent without having gone a gunshot's distance from it. I asked him if he never ate meat. "No," he said. "Do you like it? Are you more fond of fish?" "Ah, sir, meat is much better, but we cannot eat it."'

"Then this other entry for Sunday, June 3: 'As usual was absent from Mass—the villagers think me a Jew.'

"In the insane asylum he encountered a poor vicar from Ronda who noticed that Longfellow wore eye-glasses; 'When you came in,' he said, 'I thought you were one of the French saints, for they have clear eyes, but cannot see—ojos claros y sin vista.'

"'Midnight, November 12. Dog howling. The song of a watchman. Ave Maria Purisima! las doce media y sereno.'

"The fine account Miss Whitman gives of Las Coplas de Jorge Manrique, Longfellow's first published book (Boston, 1833) reprinted from the New England Magazine, December, 1832, fails to record that in his later diaries the translator expresses his regrets that he did not give a franker display of the Catholic sense of some of the stanzas which he had devotionalized to suit his New England readers. It seems that Miss Whitman should not have overlooked this fact in her detailed appreciation of his translation. She might also have mentioned that the lovely song of 'Muy graciosa es la doncella' is really a hymn to the Virgin Mary, sung by the angels, and that a proper translation of 'graciosa,' which was missed by both Longfellow and Bowring, is 'full of grace.'

"As I was saying, Britannicus, Spanish scholars are strange beings, 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,' moving across our libraries in gaunt silhouette in their birettas, mitres and tufted caps. Their families look on in some dread, their cooks speak of their disordered livers; between Molinos, Torquemada, Don Quixote and Don Juan, they pass a sort of life en mascara; their Spanish dishes and Spanish studies seem to eat into their personal character. I can imagine the Italianate Englishman as pulpy and rubicund; the Hispanizado, never. Black paint and red are his only colors; the heavenly blues and pinks, even in Murillo, always seem imported—but let us not generalize too much. They will call us, Britannicus, when the turkey starts browning."

—The Librarian.

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